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NUMBER 58 \$3.00

FOR MEN

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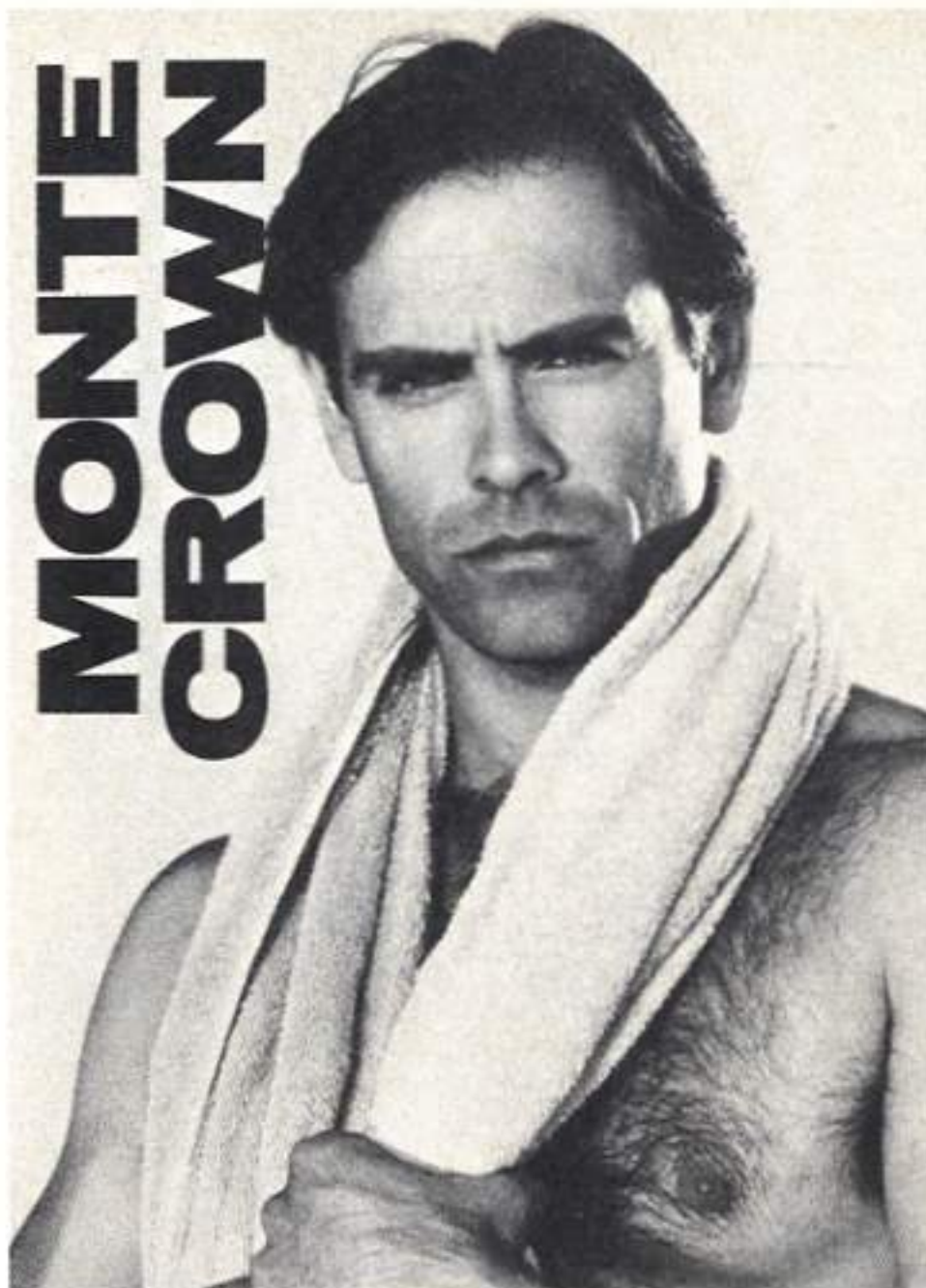
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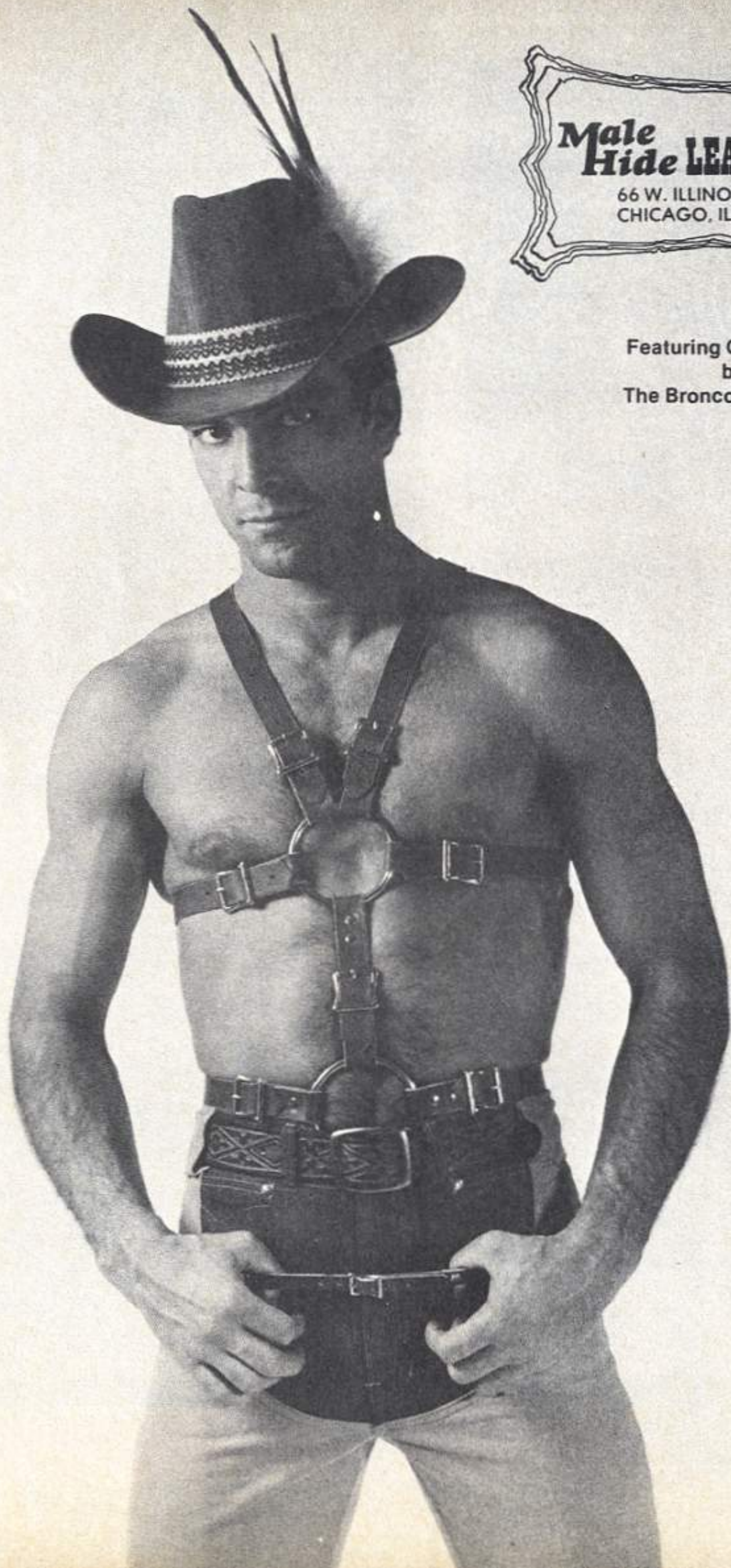
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by GUY INTERNATIONAL

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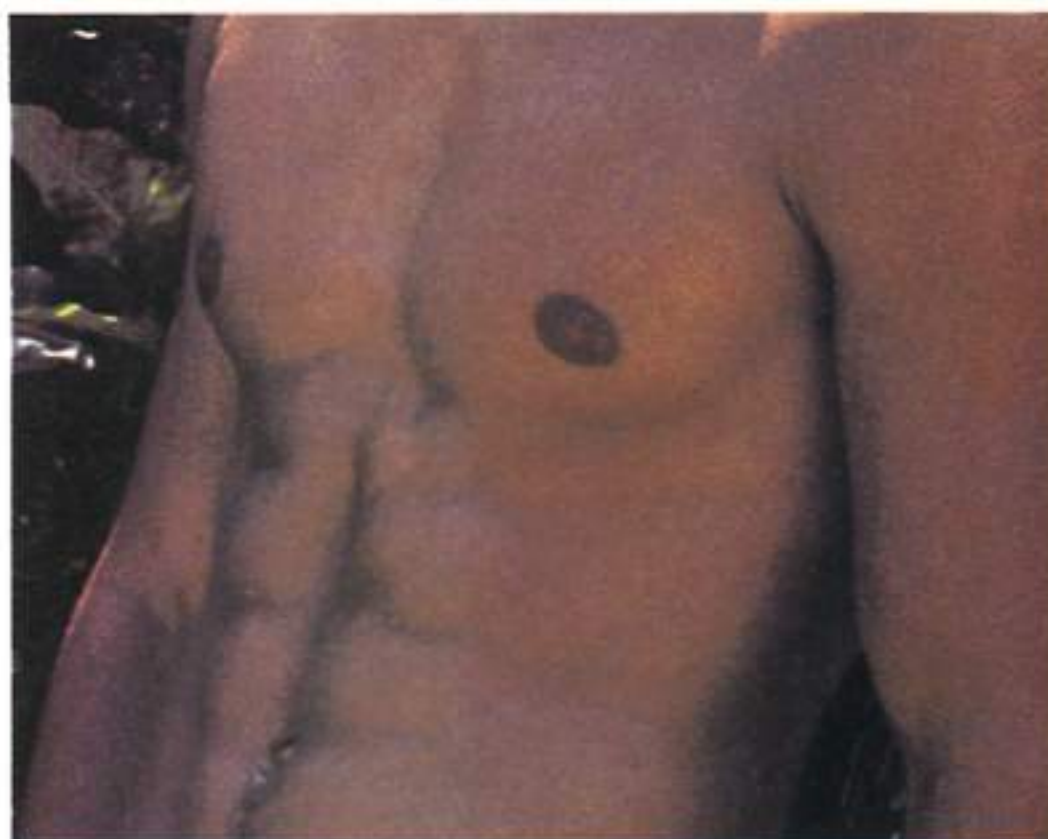
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IN TOUCH For Men (USPS 045-890), Issue 58 (August 1981). Published monthly by IN TOUCH, Inc., 1316 North Western Avenue, Hollywood, California 90027. Opinions expressed in by-lined articles and letters are those of the writers and do not necessarily represent the opinions of IN TOUCH For Men. Publication of the name, photograph, or likeness of any person or organization in articles or advertising in IN TOUCH For Men is not to be construed as any indication of the sexual orientation of such persons or organizations, and any similarity between individuals named or described in fiction articles and actual persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental. Contents of the magazine may not be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission from the publisher. Copyright © 1981 by IN TOUCH, Inc.

Manuscripts, drawings and photographs may be submitted to the editorial division of IN TOUCH For Men, Post Office Box 1228, Hollywood, California 90028 and return postage must accompany all submissions if they are to be returned. All rights in letters to IN TOUCH For Men shall be assigned to the publication and may be edited and commented on editorially.

Subscription rate: 6 issues, \$15.00; 12 issues, \$28.00; 18 issues, \$42.00; Second class postage paid at Los Angeles, California and additional offices. IN TOUCH For Men's list of subscribers is confidential, and is not sold, rented, traded or released to anyone at any time.

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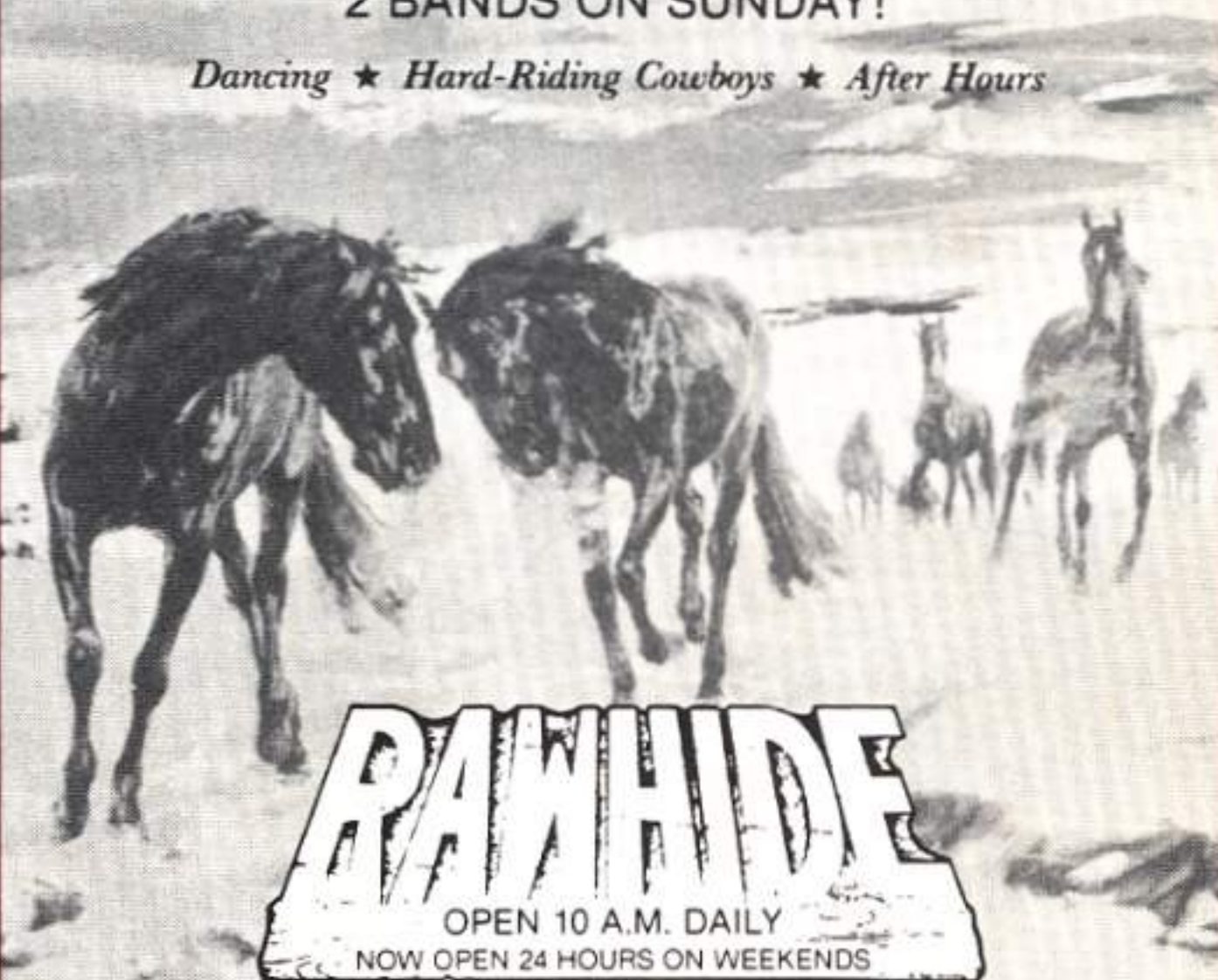
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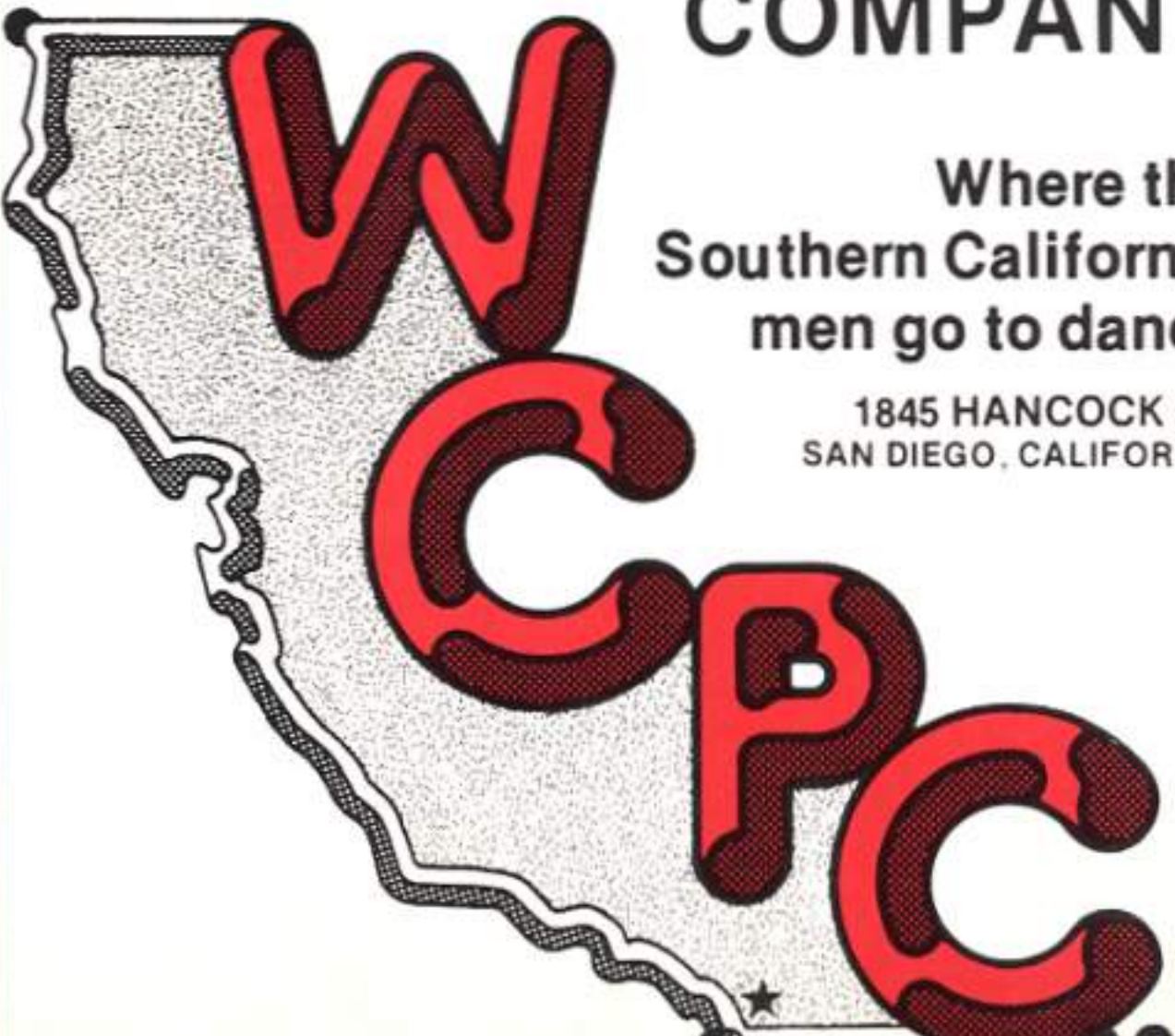


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LETTERS:

HORNY SAILORS:

Started reading your magazine a few months ago and I think it's the best gay magazine on the market today. Especially enjoyed your recent #55 issue on the Navy. Young military men are quite attractive in their uniforms, nude, or in between like the enlisted guy on page 27 in his white underpants. It conjures up the barracks scene in *Boys of Company C* with the guys lying around or at attention clad only in white underwear. Recently I read a book about men's sexual fantasies and ironically the section on men's jockey and boxer shorts had two interviews with former Navy men. Apparently, they developed their attraction to men's shorts while on long sea voyages (one of the guys didn't even consider himself gay at all). I knew a woman whose husband was a sailor and she told me nothing turned her on like her husband's tight white Navy trousers with the outline of his underpants showing through the material. Incidentally she was upset when he had to take a long sea voyage and was required to purchase those dumb sexless white boxer shorts. I wonder why? Hopefully in the future you will show more men in their brief underpants instead of jockstraps or boxer shorts.

Anonymous
Rochester, NY

First of all, let me say that as a lover of the sea I adored #55. Those sailor boys are great. In fact, you didn't include enough. Any more coming my way? Secondly, there are other (and better) people in this world who sing beside Grace Jones. I've had enough of that ugly woman; how about showing some David Lee Roth, Tom Petty or Robert Plant once in a while. Give us (gay) rockers some coverage. Just sign me...

Sex & Drugs & Rock 'n Roll
Hollywood, CA

Look for a feature on the sex-bombs of rock (no Grace) in one of our upcoming issues.

—Ed.

Went into town yesterday on a shopping spree. Best thing I came across was an IN TOUCH (#55)! A 21 gun salute to you guys for this great issue of nautical nicities. It rates an admiral's stripes. I thought last month's Jungle issue was a gas but May is even better. Being a resident of Norfolk, Virginia for many years, this Navy issue really brought

back memories of my youth as a seafood taster. God, what times we had. The fleet's in meant plenty of sucking and fucking. The sailors came in all shapes, sizes, nationalities and colors. Of course, I had my favorites among the boys in blue, some were experienced gays and many were kids homesick and lonely and willing to share themselves completely with the hospitable men of Norfolk. Some were back from long cruises, anxious and willing to give of their warm bodies and full balls. They arrived on a sea of cum—you might say! Many a night I shared my bed with a lonely young sailor eager to empty his balls! Your Navy issue brought all those glorious nights back to me. Thank you! The issue has everything—except no feature on Hollywood hunks who played sailors though the years: Tony Curtis, Cornell Wilde, Sinatra and the Hollywood sailor, par excellence, Gene Kelly! He really did fill his Navy blues in his two well-remembered musicals. And when he romped in his skivvies in *Anchors Aweigh*, I FLIPPED. Gene was one of my first and

favorite sex symbols. God, what legs on him—those bulging muscular thighs and calves really sent me into orbit!!! And how about his *Pirate* treat of '48? Remember him in his brief Black Pirate costume in the dream sequence? If you've forgotten—better see it again! Such a hunk of Hollywood SEAFOOD! Oh, that delicious Gene! Oh those bulging muscular BUNS! Guys, the issue was ship shape!

B. Chase
(A fan since '73 and one of the first subscribers too)
Norfolk, VA

B, check out this issue's "Films of Crotch" for a shot of sailor Gene you'll want to sleep with under your pillow.

—Ed

LETTER OF THE MONTH

I subscribed to your magazine a while back and I want to thank you for your superb publication which has given me many hours of pleasure (except for issue #55 which was mediocre). I have a complaint. You and other gay magazines can

If you're gay, the joke in this scene is on you.

Jeff Bridges in drag in *Thunderbolt and Lightfoot* is just another example of the homophobia Hollywood has peddled over the years, from the "sissy" jokes of the silents to the paranoia and brutality of *Cruising*. In his brilliant new book, *THE CELLULOID CLOSET: Homosexuality in the Movies*, Vito Russo explains how Hollywood has adapted to prevailing attitudes, both in its veiled references to homosexuality (e.g., "buddy films," like *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*) and in explicit ones, like *The Boys in the Band*. 120 photographic stills.

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be really one sided about certain things. You always try to show all sides of things: circumcised and uncircumcised, big and little, hairy and hairless. All kinds of asses, tits and whatever. Blondes, brunettes or red and all races and ethnic origins. There is still one—or should I say, two—things left out 99% of the time, two things that are the most important things to mankind: LEGS! Why doesn't anybody have legs? Everyone's legs end at mid-thigh or less. Are most of the models too shy to show their calves? I feel as if I'm looking at photos of amputees. Hardly ever do I see a nice

complete set of thighs, knees, calves, ankles and feet. You should dedicate an issue to "whole people." I like your magazine a lot but it isn't complete without legs.

Please no name
Sioux City, IA

Well we've been accused of gramatical errors before but never gam-atical ones. OK, we picked out the picture on page 45 just for you. Also, you will note that our centerfold page is definitely "whole person" material.

—Ed.

IN TOUCH POLL (IN PROGRESS)

What a TOUGH DECISION! Who should I choose as the hottest IN TOUCH model of all time? Sexy Greg Lane from Issue 27? Automechanic John Thomas #32? Jim Faber #22 lying on a tree? David George #25 with the nicest ass you've ever seen? Joe Kramer #30—what is he thinking? Pretty Rick Milano #48 in the shower? Somebody had to win and lose and so I choose smiling Steve Espie #50 with his nice body and whole-some boy-next-door good looks. All great guys.

Carl Klahn

San Francisco, CA

P.S. Newcomer Marlo #52 is great also.

To say I've been a fan of yours for years (starting with that hunk David Miller, Issue #7—where is David?) is an understatement. However, I have one complaint. How do you expect me, or anyone for that matter, to pick only one (1) favorite for a year—let alone since time began!?

Jeff D.
Lancaster, PA.

Even that I have been to the United States and to California a lot and I have seen many attractive men, I think that Gordon Grant (Issue #45) is for me the most attractive and sexiest man of 1980 issues. Jerry Stevenson #45 is also extremely attractive. In Europe people are not as attractive as in the United States although I am only 28 years old and it would not be very difficult for me to get in touch with people here. But Munich is not amusing and has not very much to say about gay life. So I am very glad to get your magazines.

Erich N.
Munich, Germany

We will publish the result of the poll (which, by the way, was very well received and continues to load our mailbox with ballots) by the end of the year. Probably in our November (#61) issue.

—Ed.

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RESORTS

TOUCH & GO



FADE IN: Yes, this is Hollywood, the State of Mind. It's about five in the morning. That down there is the homicide squad with the body of a young man floating in the pool of a certain lady's mansion, an old-time star, one of the biggest. It was she who fired the two shots in his back. Nobody important really. Just a movie writer with a coupla "B" pictures to his credit. Poor dope. He always wanted a pool...

PARAMOUNT PICTURES



**DEATH GOES TO A PARTY IN HOLLYWOOD
... COMPLETE WITH SWIMMING POOL**

Welcome to our Hollywood of the Mind issue. We are saluting a Hollywood that has neither gravity or geography but is a country of the air, free floating. It belongs as much to the people in Rapid City and Bangkok as to the people who work the boards on the sound sets just down the

street from IN TOUCH's office. It is a Hollywood where we all grew up, learned to write our lifescritps, respond to cues and then step into our own—very personal—key lights.

Yes, it's a little off. But if the nightdream spectaculars that make up gay life be the

music of madness, play on. Just ask Norma Desmond, chief citizen of the Inner Hollywood.

"The stars are ageless," she'll say as she looks up eerily at the sky. "That's why they are stars."

Yes.

And so, welcome.

PEOPLE HELPING PEOPLE:

What a nice world it would be if people did as these two do. What they're doing exactly is, of course, up for grabs. You know, putting out a gay magazine is tough. You have to keep abreast of all the latest developments in gay sex. But even we have trouble following the many twists and turns coming out of San Francisco. Take this picture, for instance. It comes from a wild sex journal called *MAN2MAN* (Box 6052, San Francisco CA 94101; \$3) which lists its contents with one, very apt word: **INTENSE**. Edited and mostly written by Jack Fritscher, former editor of *Drummer* and author of our fiction this month ("A B-Movie on Castro Street"), the 52-page booklet's most intense part is its bizarre classifieds, which take up one-third of the publication—rather vividly. While the rank majority of the ads can most effectively be described as 101 Things You Can Do On A Rainy Day With Your Best Friend's Feces, certain classifieds take us far beyond that, proving for all those fuddyduddies who are still into blood-sex and raping Hell's Angels that such pastimes are—let's face it—simply not the *dernier cri* of kink.

Here then is an update: a few of our favorite *MAN2MAN* personals.

"BALLOON FUCK: Hot WM, 34, seeks bright butch stud to blow up huge balloon to bursting while I suck/fuck/jerk you off."

"L.A. ANIMAL FREAK: Wants muscular owners of stallions, Great Danes and Weimaraners. Photo of you and pets gets immediate reply."

"STALLED VEHICLES: Into cigarett smokers in the driver's seat of stalled cars. Firebirds and Camaros are real auto-fetish treats!"

"NAVY SUBMARINE OFFICER: Wants to exchange his black nylon socks and garters for yours."

"HARMLESS PSYCHOPATHS: And weird far-out men wanted for everything including MC's, piss, scat, sweat, kidnapping, cannibalism and anything a gay Charlie Manson might think about. No nuts."

"EUNUCHS: I want to join you!! Who out there can castrate me skillfully?"

"SMEGMA WANTED: Drugs ok."

"IT'S SHOW TIME: Dog slave needs to be trained (punished), groomed (shaved), shown (bondage) and rewarded (fucked). Long show sessions desired. Can reciprocate for right puppy."

"SECLUDED PROPERTY SOUGHT: For outdoors scenes and targetshooting. Those interested in holding tin cans, reply also!"

"FIELD PHONE BALL WORK: WM, 35, seeks CBA torture, especially having his weighted, separated balls tightly wrapped with bare wire and worked over with adjustable field phone with Brazilian parrot's perch."

"PARAMEDIC SOUGHT: Am mansex adventurer in search of following scenario: smearing of the muscular scat-donor with a pint of my own blood, drawn paramedically before scene. With the Top glowing bright, glistening red, his muscles would be visually more spectacular than ever."

And last but not least, our

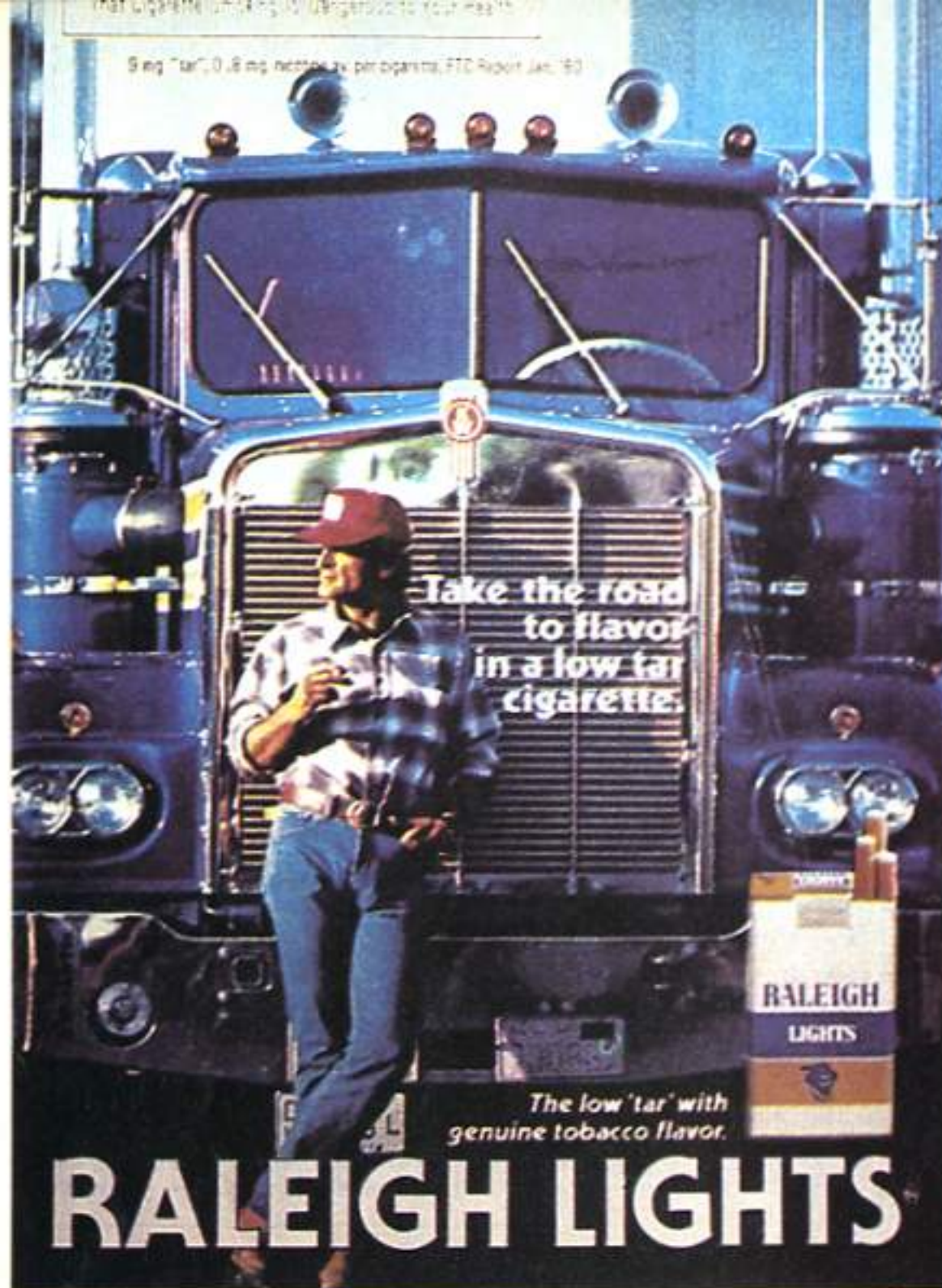
very, very favorite:

"MONEY FUCK: Fuck in a bed full of money. We'll go out together and ask hot straight guys (construction/truckers/cops) if they can change a ten-spot with bills from their wallets riding tight against their butts, and with coins heated in their pockets hanging in next to their warm dicks. You can move in close on a straight guy when he figures he's doing a man a favor; you can watch the intensity of his face close-up while his big hands count out the change; you can touch his hands as he lays the bills on you. We'll head home with our mouths full of man-collected coins. Spit cash into each other's mouths. Suck cock. Shove rolls of dimes/quarters/halves/silver dollars up each other's ass. You haven't shit till you've shit *dinero*. Let's jerk off worshipping the money. Money is the only power. Money is the root of all evil. Let's put our money where our mouths are. Let's put our cash on the sheets and celebrate male greed, power, lust and the comfort of the almighty dollar. This is a very honest

trip. You bring a couple of hundred to match mine. All cash returned at end of night when we hose off the grease together. No foreign currency and definitely no Susan B's!"

MAN2MAN has got to be the best rollercoaster ride in the West. It's not for everybody—OBVIOUSLY. Still it is definitely worth every penny of the three dollars it costs. But just remember: no Susan B's!





NAKED ON MADISON AVENUE, PART II: You know you're straight when you look at this ad and think it's selling cigarettes. Boy that truck-stop basket is so defined, you can make out the head. Heck, you can make out the teethmarks! How did the Surgeon General let this get by? Talk about dangerous to your ... gulp, gasp, choke!

THAT CRUMB! First she was Calvinized, now she's been Crumbed. How else did you expect underground-comics artist, R. Crumb, to visualize the Queen of Teen except with big chewy nipples, police-academy thighs and the kind of *Mama-Mia* ass you could set a typewriter down on? The picture comes from Crumb's latest work, *Weirdo Comix*, Number One (Box 212, Berkeley CA 94707; \$2.75), which features a photo spread of girls who actually have bodies like this one, also a beautiful artist's revenge in the form of a comic strip in which Crumb shows how he felt being interviewed by a

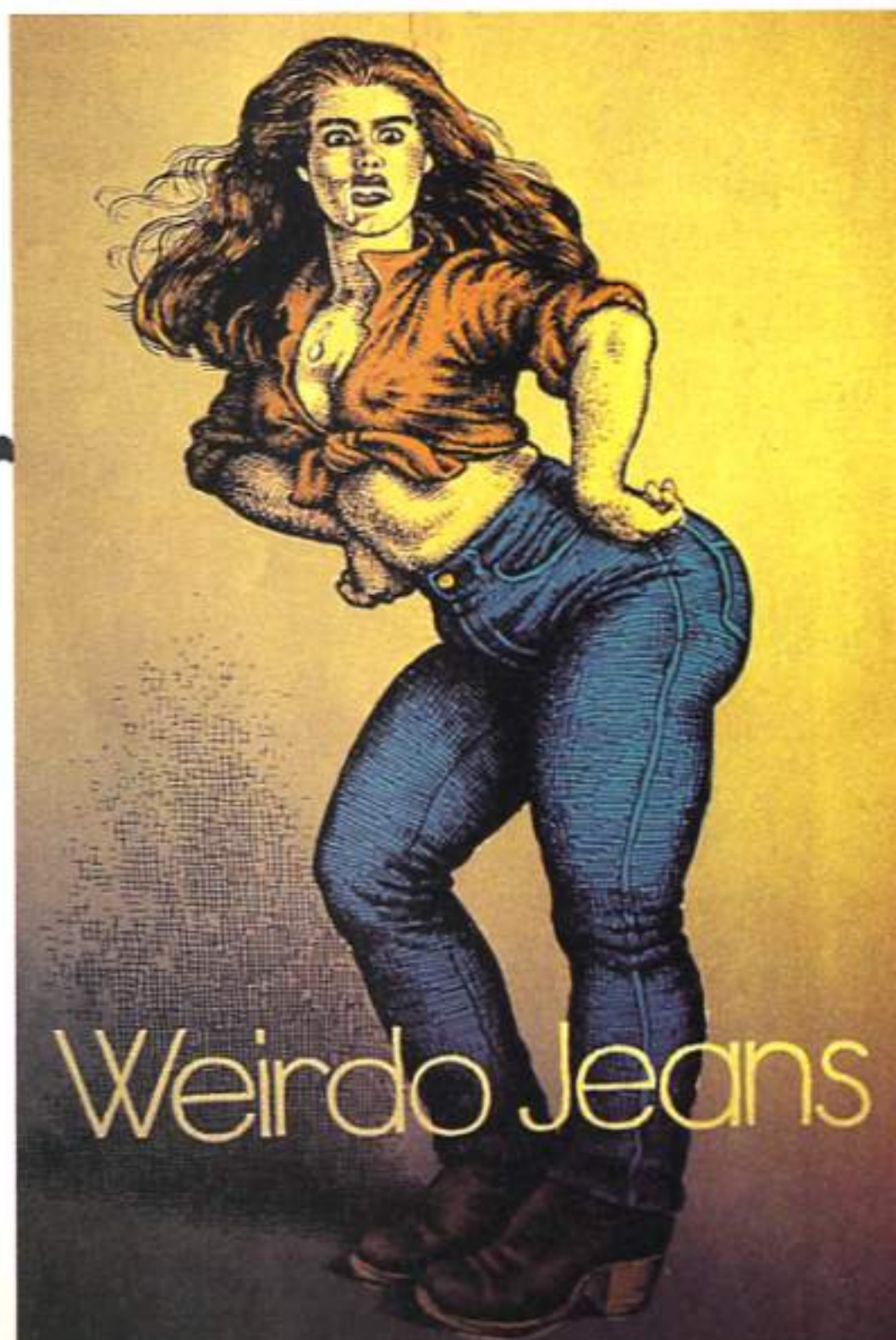
PIN OF THE MONTH: "Back from Death and Bigger than Ever."

This limited-edition pin was created by prominent punk-illustrator Gary Panter. Manufactured in quantity, they were bought out in a matter of days and are now as rare as, oh, a sequin on a rat's ass. Whether or not Dean was gay is still up in the air. But one thing is for certain. That red-eyed look, seen at dawn in discos, we are not entirely unfamiliar with.



"slick asshole" from *High Times Magazine*. Another standout is a brilliant cartoon essay on S&M by Bruce N. Duncan which, in one picture, shows a lesbian couple with the woman on the leash thinking "I'm so happy to be taken care of; I'm the center of attention" and the woman holding the leash thinking "I'm so happy to be supreme; I'm the center of attention" and them both thinking "She doesn't know I'm getting by far the best of it!"—meanwhile a cat at a dish looks on, thinking "I love the way these two slaves cater to me; I've really got it good." We recommend *Weirdo*, Number One to all our readers.

(By the way, have you noticed how not once did we mention the wad of come dripping out of our jean girl's mouth? It would be tasteless to mention that wad of hot come, dripping down upon her breast. And because Quiet Good Taste is our middle name here at IN TOUCH we will not mention it now—that hot, hoary load of spunk making its way out of her face-hole and down toward a first-level erogenous zone. Nor, you should be advised do we have any intention of mentioning this hot, hoary, jizzy shot of manchowder that is coursing down, even as you read, upon a slope of pearl toward the warm, brown aureole of half-dollar size nymphet nippledom—have any intention of mentioning it in the future. If you want to read that sort of trash, get *Christopher Street* and read between the lines. As for us, we're simply going to ignore it. After all, if Brooke wants to suck cock, that's her business. Just don't get in our way, bitch.)



MOMMIE DREAREST?: Well, that is what a certain disinherited daughter would have you believe. But before the movie comes out and the weenie roast begins, we'd like to get a few words in. After all, what would a salute to



Joan showing us she's a good housewife and mother.



Joan showing us she's a good hostess.



Joan showing us she's a good housewife, mother, hostess and not at all drunk.



Joan discussing sobriety with the Three Pigs.

the Hollywood of the Mind be without a salute to Joan? No one else was so believable at playing shallowness—except maybe Lana Turner. Joan was an artist. With her padded shoulders set firm and her shoes making determined contact with the ground, she made her way through the materialistic Crawford movie-world with various empty and

extremely one-note obsessions (money, success, Veda) and did it so powerfully that we never saw the emptiness, we only saw the power.

And so the question that will come up again in the wake of the film will be what was Joan really like. We think these photos answer that question. Joan was really surreal. ■■



Joan out for a drive with an excited dog.

These photos come from the collection of Neal Peters, whose first book, Ann-Margret: A Dream Come True, will be out this November.

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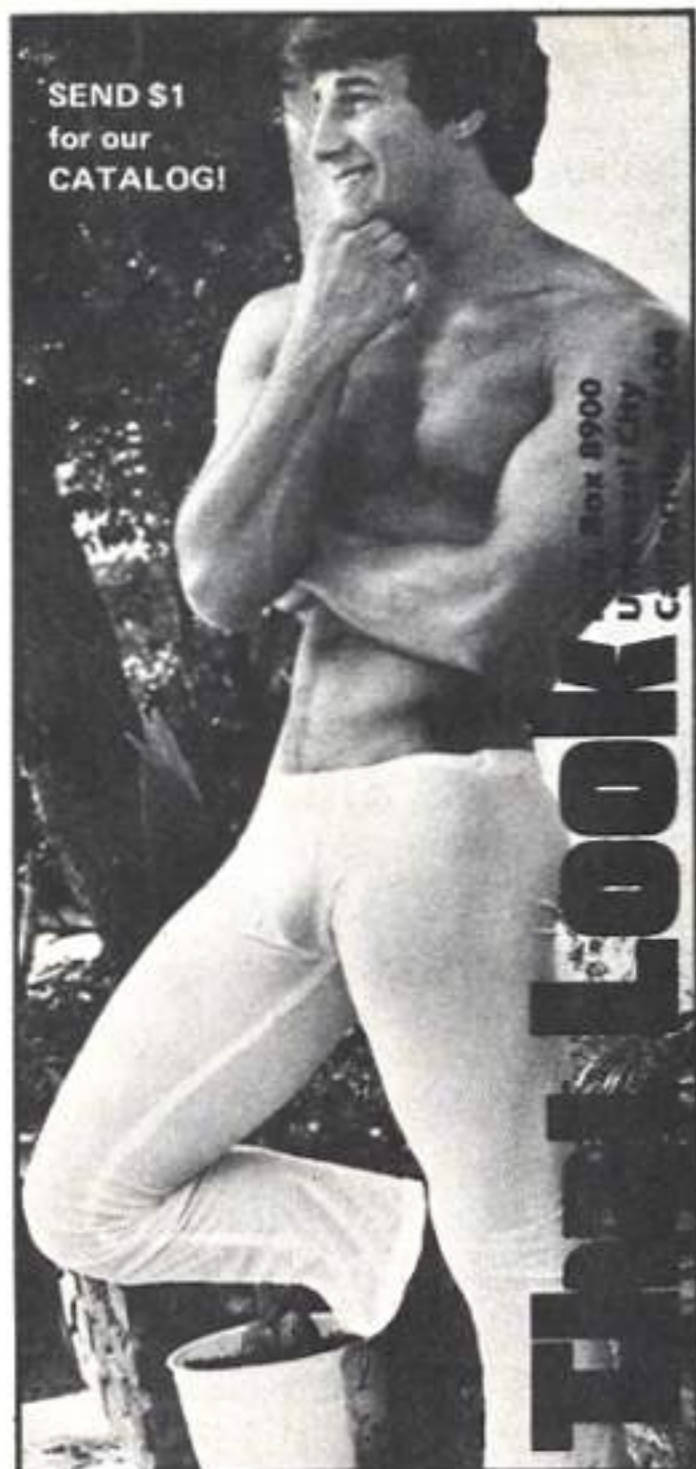
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WHAT BECOMES A LEGEND MOST?

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LEGEND DRINKS

BY NICK D'AURIZIO

WITH INSPIRATIONAL ASSISTS
FROM CHRISTIAN HOUCK

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
MICHAEL GRAHAM

Got the End of Summer blahs? It happens to all of us about this time of year. All those push ups. All those sit ups! And for what?

Blahs!

This is the time when Fire Island starts to look like just another sandbar, Key West a sleepy little beach town, and Castro Street? Well, who can remember which

side you're supposed to wear what on anyway? O.K. then, get it together, fellows! It's time to spice things up with a **NEW GAME!**

Question: What do people do most to escape the oppressive heat of summer?

Right—drink!

And what do gay men do all year long in their spare time?

Right again—create Legends! So for that late August party, why not combine the two and help a few almost legends on their way with some tasty new drinks to commemorate their existence.

Rule number one: Play this game in a group of two or more. Nobody likes to laugh alone.

Rule number two: The drinks you create



must be drinkable. I know that when you get to Ann Miller it's going to be hard to eliminate hairspray and tap shoes as ingredients, but try. I've always felt that a drink does better in your mouth than in a plant.

Rule number three: Keep in mind that legends are often more remembered for incidental things—their hairdos, their padded shoulders—than for real artistic accomplishments. Opera stars, for instance, have come and gone but we still enjoy Chicken Tetrazzini and Peach Melbas. Bette Davis' films may be put into cold storage, but the Academy Awards will always be called "The Oscars" (named after her first husband). And though Joan Crawford is truly phenomenal in *Mildred Pierce*, when the film is forgotten, mothers will still cringe at a child who calls them Mommie Dearest.

Now that the rules are set down, call up some friends, go to the liquor cabinet and play. Here are some examples we've come up with to start you off. Bottoms up!

THE LORETTA

◀ Named after Loretta Lynn, this drink is for that little piece of Southern Princess in us all. In a tumbler, place three large ice cubes and one piece of coal. Pour in three parts pink lemonade and one part vodka. It's best to use a very expensive vodka because One. Loretta can afford it now, and Two. good vodka has the miraculous quality of tasting like absolutely nothing. This will give your guests the feeling that they are enjoying a "naice cool lemonade." If you've run out of the fixins for a Loretta—namely pink lemonade—use regular lemonade and tell everyone that they'll have to make do with her sister drink—**The Crystal**. After three or four Loretas, when just about everyone is proud to be a coal miner's daughter, we get to Oscar Time! This is when this drink gains real stature and enters a new category altogether. Now you can look at your glass and announce with pride, "Anyone want another Sissy?"

THE BABS

◀ God knows, Barbra doesn't need any help in the legend department. And yet there was no food or beverage named after her... until now. At the outset of Barbra's meteoric rise to fame, just about the time that she moved in with Elliot Gould, Barbra had a small refrigerator next to the bed completely filled with, yes, her favorite—coffee ice cream. Perhaps the only remnants of this special time will be Jason Gould and **The Babs**, a little drink to commemorate the incredible chutzpah, joie de vivre and schtick of B.S.

Place two tablespoons of coffee ice cream in a glass. Add two ounces of Mount Gay Rum and fill up the glass with Manhattan Special coffee soda (it's kosher). For that final touch, float one ice cube with ¼ teaspoon of chopped liver frozen in the middle.

A Babs is best served at a pizza party for the next TV airing of *What's Up Doc?* (Hi, Cookky.) Caution: the Babs has a habit of making a comeback the next day. The best remedy for this is the repeated playing of Diana Ross singing "My Man."



THE PATTY

▲ At the far end of Christopher Street, way down by the river, there used to be an old Thirties diner that had been out of business for as long as anyone could remember. Of course it's gone now, as are the trucks that used to grace that area before it gave way to expensive apartments and condos. But in its heyday, that closed-up diner served the very important function of being a day-glo bulletin board. Everyone hanging out across the street from it at The Silver Dollar Cafe, an establishment mostly frequented by your better drag queens, could catch up on gay culture by simply reading the diner walls. One night a friend and I were sipping coffee in the very

same when an out-of-drag queen (pedal pushers, Mohair V-neck sweater, and coiffed do—I think the law at the time was that female underwear got you arrested) came into the place and proceeded to have a roaring fight with one of her sisters at another table. This fight ended with her throwing a bottle of ammonia all over her friend and half the place. We all ran screaming from the restaurant, only to be greeted on the street by six foot day-glo letters pronouncing, "FREE PATTY, NOW."

Underneath that was written, in a smaller hand, different color, "Who? Hearst?"

And just a little beyond that, are you sitting? "NO stupid! DUKE!"

Patty Duke was probably the only name on the lips of studio heads during the planning stages of *Valley of the Dolls*. Who else could handle a takeoff on Judy?! Even on her TV show she had to play twins just to cover all the ground. After all, Patty taught us to refer to our parents as "Mommo" and "Pappo." And who can forget the ever popular phrase, "Wa Wa"? And so we return these favors with **The Patty**. The ingredients are simple: In one hand a double scotch, straight up. In the other hand, three extra strength Excedrins (the red capsules). It is, however, important that the Patty always be served in the same place—outside the kitchen door by the garbage pails. This is so everyone can join in a real salute to Patty. All together now, "Anne? Jennifer? Neely? NEELY O'HARA!!!!"



THE JEAN

▲ The name Jean has always been very mythological. All Jeans have class, usually beauty and very often money. Some would say that the name itself was responsible for an Oscar—*The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie*. Jeanne Crain, Jean Simmons, Jean Shrimpton, all had the elusive Jean air. When you find the flaw in the myth, the human quality, then you have a legend. And so we have Jean Harris—upper class mother, refined girls' school headmistress... murderess. What wouldn't you give to hear Jean sing "Emotional Rescue"? **The Jean**, therefore,



is an elusive drink. In fact, it's any drink at all. What's important with a Jean is not the content but the style... Recipe: Take any drink at all. Serve the first two in Baccarat crystal, the third... in a tin cup.



THE ANNIE M

▲ Ann-Margret could easily have gotten the part of Dorothy in *The Wizard of Oz* had she been born a few years earlier. That pleading little-girl voice, that lost glaze over the eyes, and she looks great in a pinafore. To this day she wears pumps. And she certainly looks like she could handle a lion and a tin man. There would have been only one problem: No one would have believed she wanted to go back to Kansas. Perhaps it's better this way. Without Ann as we know her, who would have put the Viva in *Las Vegas*? The Bye Bye in *Birdie*? Or the pork and beans in *Tommy*?

THE ANNIE M: Fill a small glass with one ounce of Sambuca, club soda and ice. Slap licorice whips over one side of the glass and stick a false eyelash to the other.

Annie Ms are best for those kitten-with-a-whip moods we all have now and then. Bring a thermos of them with you to your favorite backroom bar and keep repeating, "There's no place like Caesar's Palace. There's no place like Caesar's Palace..."

THE BROOKE

▲ Brooke Shields, authoress at twelve of *The Brooke Book*, Brooke Shields, the Marie Antoinette of child stars who let the world know in no uncertain terms, "Let them eat jeans!" Brooke deserves her own drink. Debbie Harry even wrote a song about this pretty baby. If Jodie Foster can have a Presidential assassination attempt credited to her, watch, Brooke will get an attempt on the entire Royal Family. Due to the tenderness of her age, **THE BROOKE** is a nonalcoholic beverage. Like a child, The Brooke is simple. Recipe: Three lines of cocaine, two joints, a Yoo Hoo. After three or four of these, it won't matter whether your Calvins can talk or not. Your reputation will still be ruined.



THE ZSA ZSA

▲ Has anyone ever figured exactly what Zsa Zsa does for a living? After *Queen of Outer Space* (before I saw it I assumed it was a Rip Taylor vehicle) I don't think Zsa Zsa made any films. Well, what does become a legend most? One of the qualifications has to be doing absolutely nothing and getting a lot of press for it. We do know that she has an office in her home and two secretaries. But outside of card cataloging and cross referencing

furs and pieces of jewelry, I can't imagine what they do.

George Sanders, former husband to Zsa Zsa and world famous deadpan, was riding a ski lift with Richard Burton. They were discussing world affairs and other weighty subjects when Richard turned to George and asked, "By the way, how is Zsa Zsa?" George fell off the lift.

The Zsa Zsa: Fill a faceted champagne glass with Andre Champagne (Andre is sort of the muscatel of champagnes going for \$2.59 a bottle). Wrap a rhinestone bracelet around the base of the glass and give one good shake of paprika on top. Drape a white fox coat over your shoulder and dance over to the record player. Put on Brahms' "Hungarian Dance No. 5." Stand in front of a mirror and shout, "Suck on this, Blackglama!"

A Zsa Zsa is best enjoyed in a wardrobe closet while trying to decide what to wear for the evening. P.S. Add one ounce of Wild Turkey and it becomes an **EVA**.



THE SALLY

▲ When we first decided to create a drink honoring Sally Field, **THE SALLY**, another great Sally came to mind... Sally McMillan. Unfortunately there aren't enough pages in this magazine to really get into Susan St. James (or her relationship with Nancy Walker) and after all we have to draw the line somewhere.

Sally Field had the great fortune of being part of a special moment in film history: television's official takeover as the prime medium. This had been obvious—if not official—for a long time but TV was still treated by the press as if it were the kid brother of films, a little silly and very often immature. Even I felt a little guilty telling people, "I don't go to movies very much anymore. I watch TV." And then came *Sybil*. I can remember waiting with a group of friends for it to begin, laughing and joking over how the Flying Nun would handle 16 personalities. By the end of the first half, there was no doubt in any of our

minds that this was far better than anything we had paid \$4.50 to see in a theater that year. And Sally Field? Well, the legend was beginning.

This also happened to be the year that *Carrie* was released. Films and television had finally reversed. The choice was clear if there were any justice in this world: To Sissy Spacek, the Emmy for *Carrie*. To Sally Field, the Oscar for *Sybil*.

To commemorate the fact that Sally Field—who eventually would win an Oscar anyway—has dignified both media, the drink named in her honor draws heavily on her TV roots. Recipe: Fold a napkin in the shape of the hat in the photo. Place a tumbler on the napkin. Add one ounce of Kahlua and fill $\frac{2}{3}$ of the glass with Coca Cola. Drop in a scoop of ice cream. This is the hard part: The Sally must be served at a party because you have to make sixteen of them, using a different flavor ice cream in each one. The good part? As you're passing them out, you can tell each of your guests, "This drink is called a Peggy, a Vannessa, a Vicky, a Ruthie, a Mike..." Just make sure they check the bottom of the glass for the union label.

THE SHELLEY

sometimes known as
THE SHIRLEY

► HELL UPSIDE DOWN! This was the ad copy for *The Poseidon Adventure*. On the poster, there was a stark illustration of an ocean liner floating face down. Without reading anything else, two things were obvious. One, this was a disaster film involving an overturned ocean liner. Two, Shelley Winters had to be in this movie. You can almost always spot a Shelley film on title alone! *Bloody Momma*, *Wild in the Streets*, *The Chapman Report*, *What's the Matter With Helen?* Even when she doesn't play the lead, ten years later she's the only thing you remember about the film... **The Shelley:** In an empty waste basket, dump one bottle of Amaretto, one bottle of Harvey's Bristol Cream, one bottle of Tia Maria, one bottle of Droste



Chocolate Liqueur and one pound of Domino superfine sugar. Stir. Fill almost to the top with Diet Pepsi and cover with four or five containers of Redi-Whip. Yield: Twenty to thirty stiff ones. Enough to entertain a party of twelve... or one major motion-picture star. Also tasty with a midnight snack of Lobster thermadore and strawberry cheesecake.

So Shelley cheats on a few calories. Who's counting? After all, this is the woman Lolita called, "Mom."

THE SHIRLEY

sometimes known as
THE BASSEY

◄ We're really getting down to it now, aren't we? Be honest! Somewhere deep in your heart you know that Shirley Bassey will give the world its first scratch-and-sniff record jacket. Of course, this brings us to another game: what will her next record be? For Shirley, it'll probably be called *Vulgarly*. I can see the cover now—Shirley sitting at The Oak Room in The Plaza hotel. A white crepe-de chien evening gown, a white floor-length boa, white satin shoes—and one unfortunate spot of blood at her crotch.

Then there would be the world tour with special guest star, Ethel Merman! Can you imagine being at Carnegie Hall when they open with that great Beatles' tune, "Why Don't We Do It In The Road?" What a night that would be.

The Shirley or Golden Girl: One ounce of Bacardi Gold-Reserve, one ounce of Black and White Scotch, two drops of calve's blood... straight up! This is *my* life.

Now that you have the gist of the game, it won't be long before you're coming up with some of your own. Like **The MARIE OSMOND:** one ounce of Hawaiian Punch, two gallons of vodka, a twist of pineapple. Lace the glass rim with salt for a hint of that lake the Mormons took such a liking to. Stir enthusiastically while having your hair cut short and your mascara applied heavily. Go out and find yourself a good lei.

Or there's **THE LIZ**. Whatever you attribute to Liz, you know that there'll be lots of optional ingredients like—Hostess Twinkies, sour cream, Jungle Gardenia perfume, or three pounds of chili floating in the mix.

So, boys, if you've decided not to end your summer with a bang, at least make the last gulp count! CHEERS! ■■



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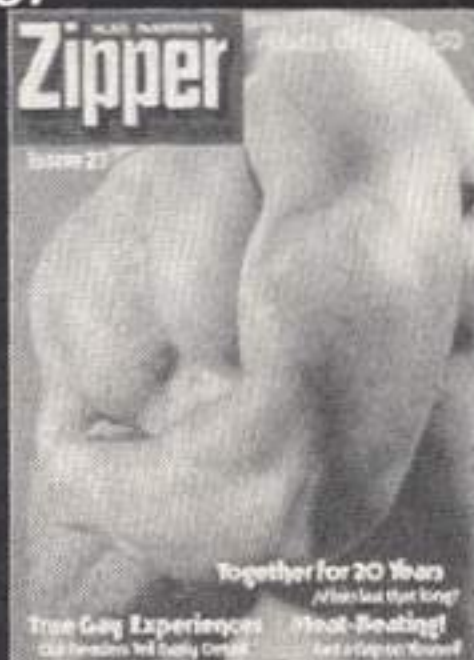
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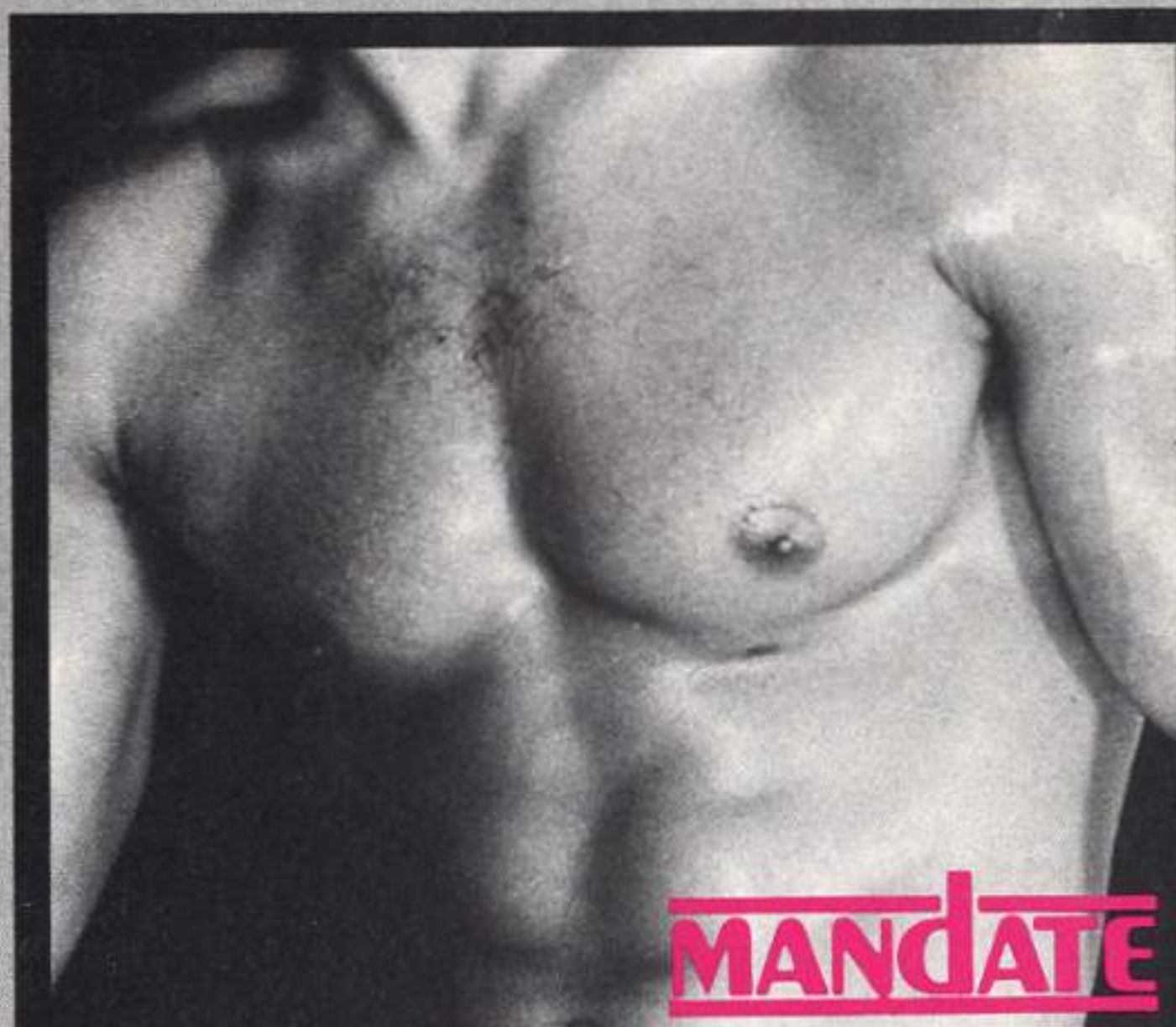
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MANDATE

**HOT OFF THE PRESS
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THE FILMS OF CROTCH

BY THE IN
TOUCH STAFF

WITH A SPECIAL INTRODUCTION
BY ROBERT HUDSON

Photos from the collections of
DAN PATTARSON & NEAL PETERS

I was eight years old when I realized there was a reason to go to the movies other than a good story or great acting. My eyes were opened by an el-cheapo horror movie from Producer's Releasing Corporation (PRC)—definitely not one of the great studios—called *Return of the Vampire*. John Carradine was a mad doctor who kept running out of "patients" to operate on so he could give their brains to his pet vampire, the caged Bela Lugosi. Same old story, right—except in this film there was a little something extra: a handsome, darkhaired young actor that had been dropped into the plot for no reason at all—except maybe to make little kids like me sit up on the edge of our seats in dark theaters.

Anyway, this stud was dating Carradine's daughter but he calls one night when she's out. Carradine drugs the guy's drink and watches as he falls into a stupor. (Continued on page 66)



JOHN PAYNE, *KID NIGHTINGALE*:



**RICHARD BURTON,
ALEXANDER THE
GREAT**



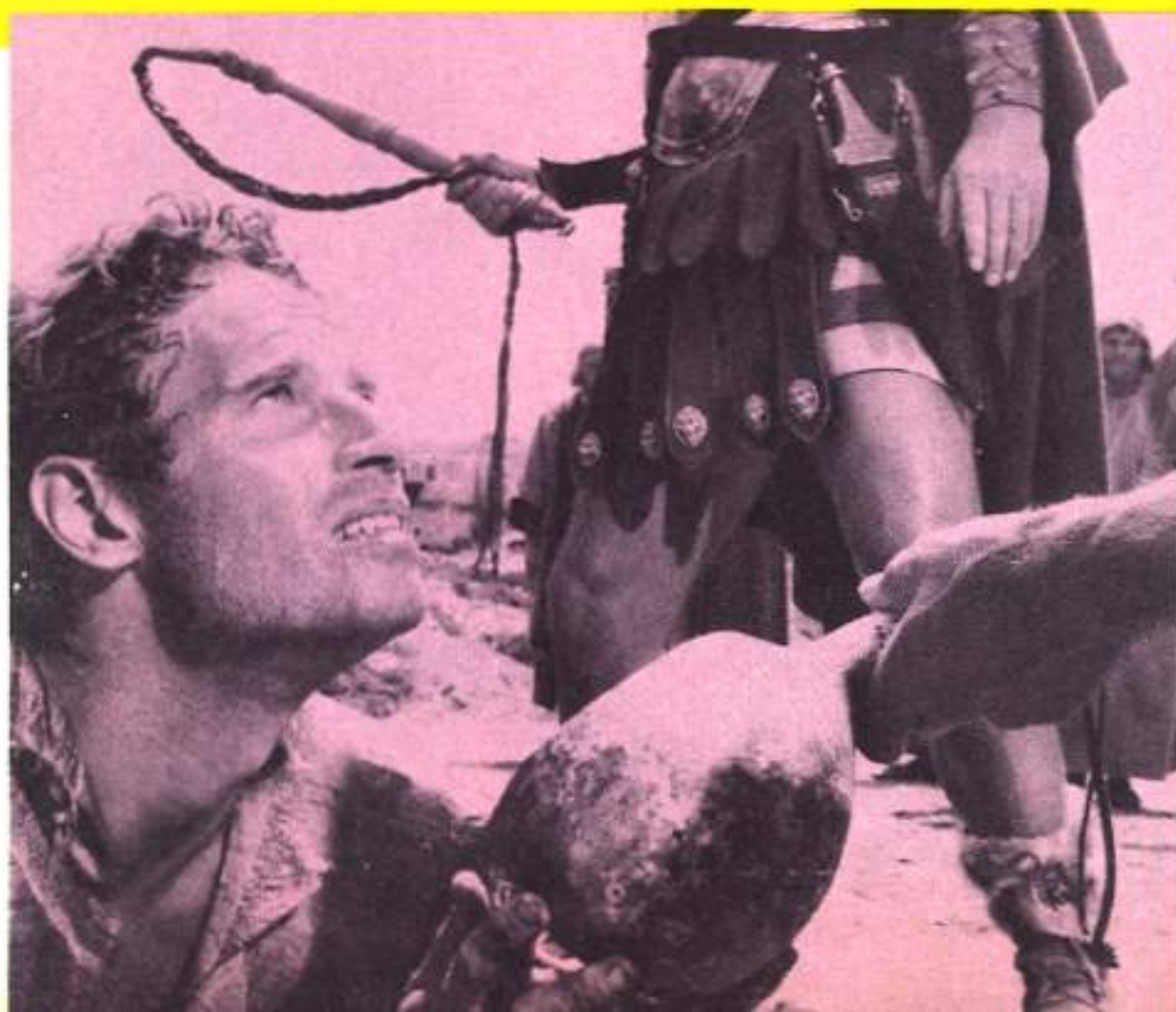
**PERRY KING,
A DIFFERENT
STORY**

THE CROTCH EYE-VIEW OF THE WORLD: Having a big basket is not enough. Watching crotches with blatant, burning eyes is not enough. No, a crotcher has not arrived until he's developed a crotch worldview. This is a philosophy of not only—and perhaps crudely put—looking at the donut instead of the hole but of getting immediately to the meat of things. Simply stated, it is the ultimate in pragmatism. Crotchers are doers—in all three senses of the word.

A few exercises: When you're cruising the streets and you're tired, don't sit on a bus bench; sit on the curb. Some people may mistake you for Audrey Hepburn in one of her Paris-wail movies, but what do you care? You're working on a worldview.

Contemplate the moment-by-moment existence of Herve Villechaise. Imagine the sort of insights his life must have taught him. Just before you drift off to sleep, try to have an out-of-body experience during which you will walk in the shoes of Herve for just one night. Good luck.

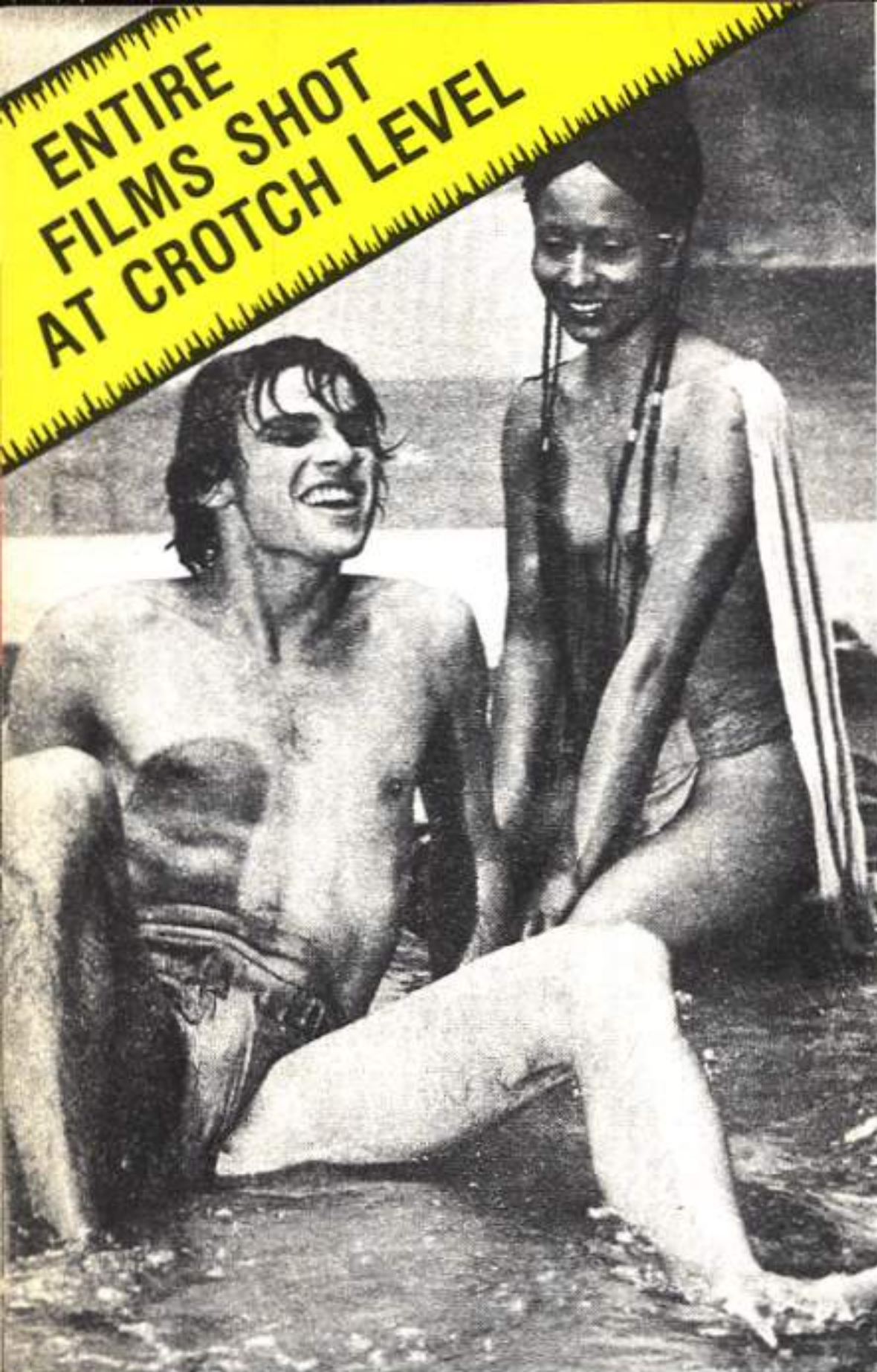
Study the box that the Big Mac comes in. McDonalds knows that while a hamburger is a hamburger is a ham burger, packaging is everything. (WARNING: this is a strenuous workout in capitalist Zen and recommended for advanced crotchers only.)



**CHARLTON
HESTON,
BEN HUR**

Finally, turn the page and try to catch the movies pictured there. You'll thank us later.

PHOTOS FROM MOTION PICTURES PRODUCED BY MGM, PARAMOUNT, WARNER BROS., 20TH CENTURY FOX, COLUMBIA, UNIVERSAL, UNITED ARTISTS, AVCO-EMBASSY, ABC, MASCOTT, & AMERICAN FILM CONSORTIUM



ENTIRE
FILMS SHOT
AT CROTCH LEVEL



**ROGER DALTRY,
TOMMY**

Ken Russell crotch movie—which is redundant. All Ken Russell movies are nuttier than fruit cakes.

**HIRAM KELLER,
SATYRICON**

The Crotch—before Christ and after Fellini.

**GENE KELLY,
ANCHORS AWEIGH**

Boy. Gene got away with murder! His pants are collector's items.



RYAN O'NEAL, BARRY LYNDON



**GARY LOCKWOOD,
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY**

Crotch Past, Crotch Future—Kubrick, the Pluperfect coxman.

**DANCERS,
WEST SIDE STORY**

"Twenty seven boys literally danced their way out of their split pants"—from the souvenir booklet.





MICHAEL YORK AND LEONARD WHITING, *ROMEO AND JULIET*

In Zeffirelli movies, the boys are always prettier than the girls. Why is that, do you wonder? Chicken in a basket for 13, please.

TAB HUNTER, *ISLAND OF DESIRE*

The title of the movie says it all. Tab, you are and always will be one of God's greatest gifts to mankind.

ED FURY, *MIGHTY URSUS*

It's amazing how many Phi Beta Kappas are always in the audience for these Hercules films—mindless and repetitious though they be.



**GUESS
WHO?**



It's been said anyone can have a crotch in skin-tights but it takes a big man to come across in loose pants. Don't believe it? Study the crotches above. Nice tight jeans, right? Nice tight boxes. O.K., now

turn the page for a little jolt. Go ahead, we'll wait . . . See?

Still the controversy continues and here we see the partisans of both parties, the Tights who want to show it all and the Looses who have no choice.

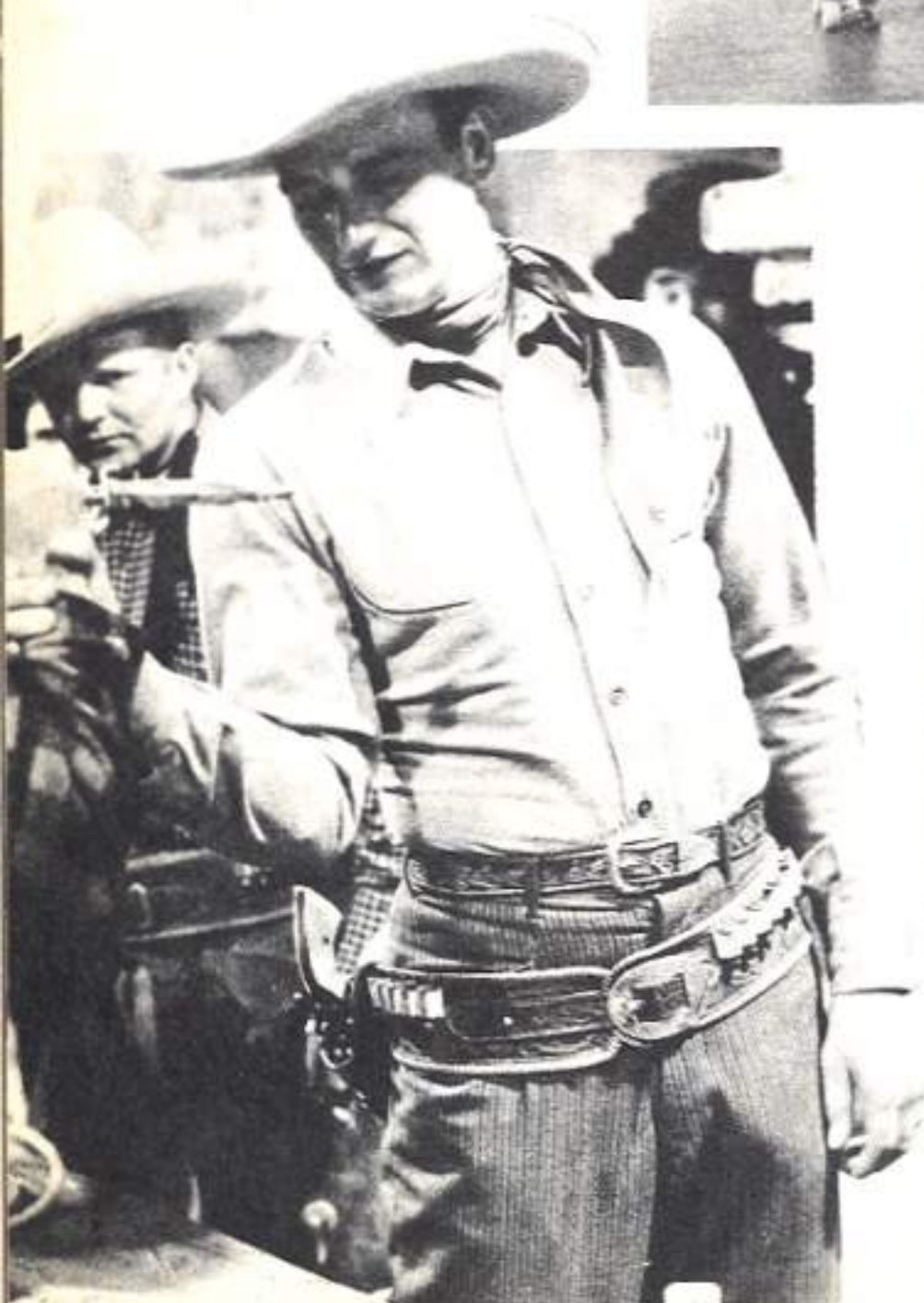
**PATRICK SWAYZE
AND SCOTT BAIO,
SKATETOWN, U.S.A.**

The leatherboy can show his tongue and flash his ass, but Scott is still the heavyweight. Score one for pleated pants.



**JOHN WAYNE,
SOMEWHERE IN SONORA**

No wonder he used to kiss horses. They were family.



**RUDOLPH VALENTINO,
PASSION'S PLAYGROUND**

Abondanza.



**RICHARD HATCH,
BATTLESTAR
GALACTICA**

Double belts help.
Hard-ons help
even more.



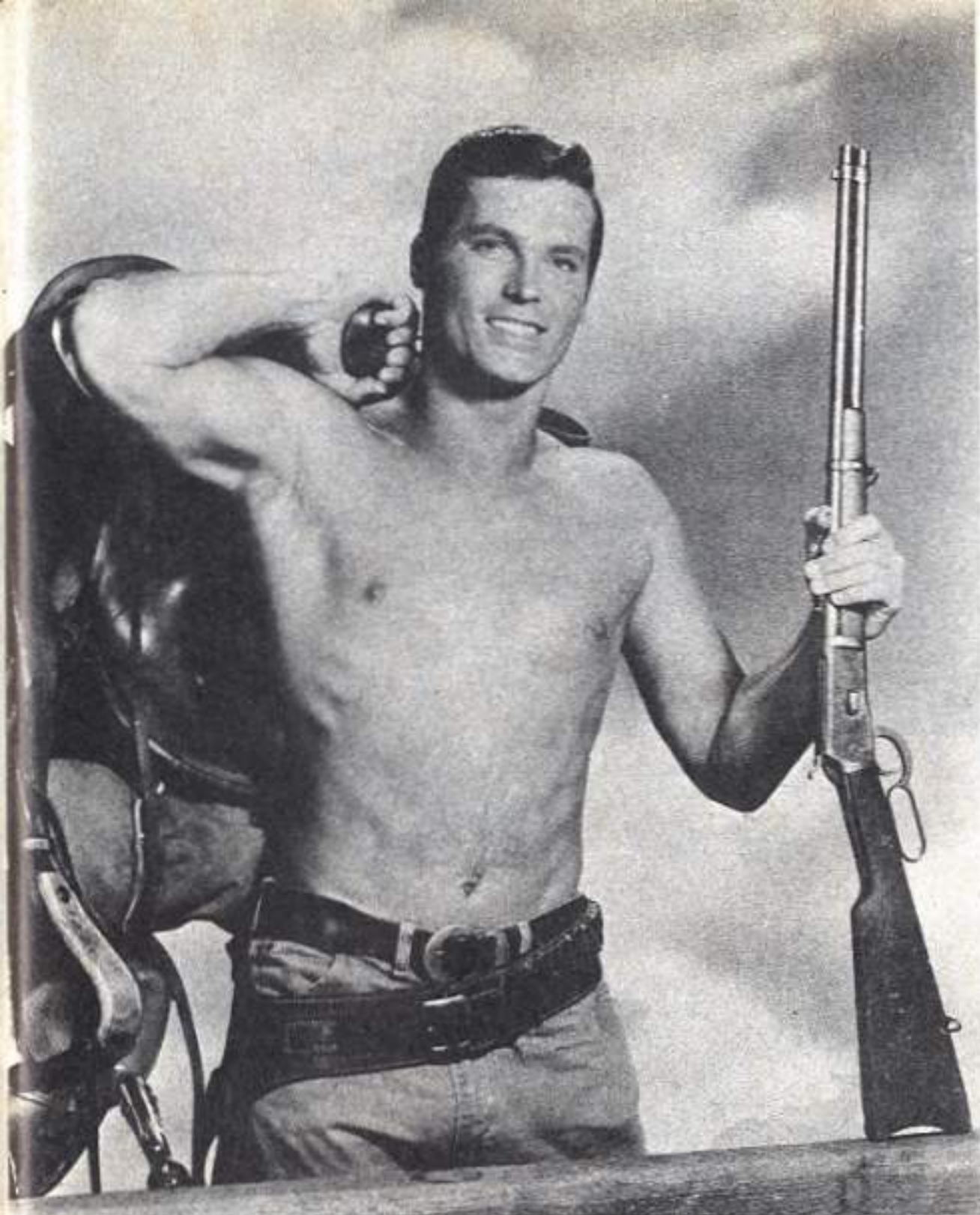
**ELVIS PRESLEY,
KID GALAHAD**

Satin doesn't lie.



JOHN TRAVOLTA, GREASE

Sweat pants minus jockstrap.



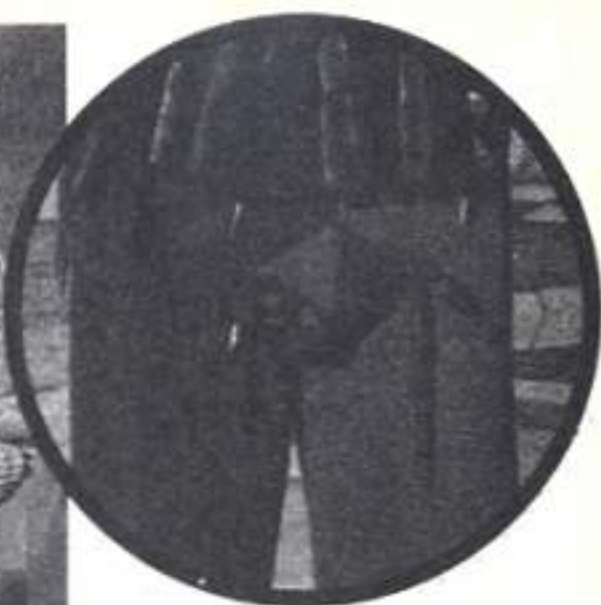
TY HARDIN, CUSTER OF THE WEST

Aptly named, as was one of his films, "The Battle of the Bulge."



LEONARD WHITING, ROMEO AND JULIET

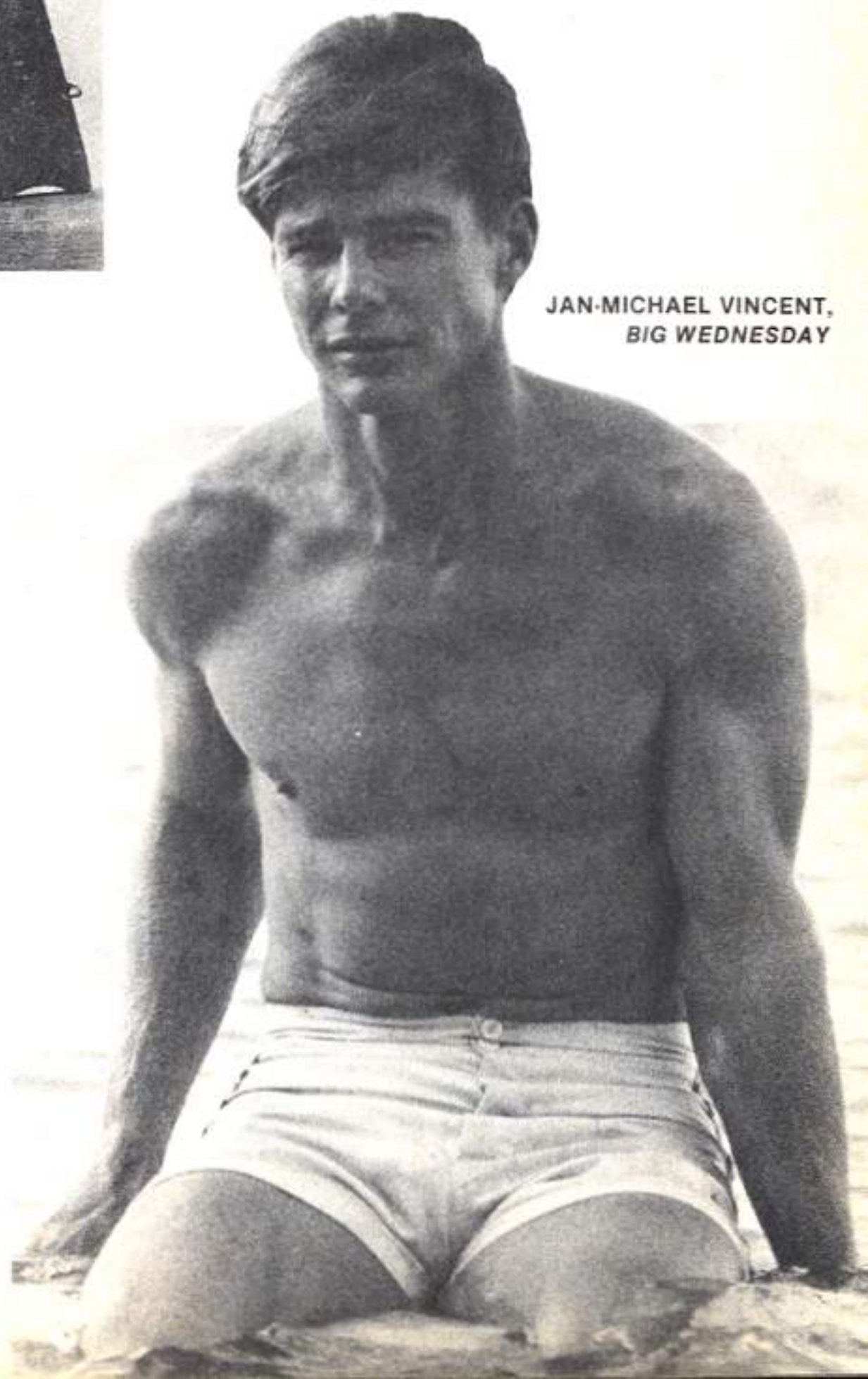
The gift-wrapped cod-piece.



JAN-MICHAEL VINCENT, BUSTER AND BILLIE

THE MYSTERY OF CROTCH:

Some people have it; some people don't. (Kristy McNichol is obviously a have.) The mystery, of course, is that it's possible to show loads of crotch and yet not be spectacularly equipped in the ole housewares department. Our Balance and Form expert made a study of this phenomenon and concluded that a big basket is actually dependent on big butts and slim hips to draw the pants along lines familiar to students of the girdle of Apollo, thus featuring the genital package to best advantage. Personally, in comparing these two pictures of Jan-Michael Vincent, we wouldn't throw either version out of bed. Frankly, he could eat Ritz crackers and get the peanut butter all over the sheets. Besides, as far as that nude shot goes, maybe it was a cold day



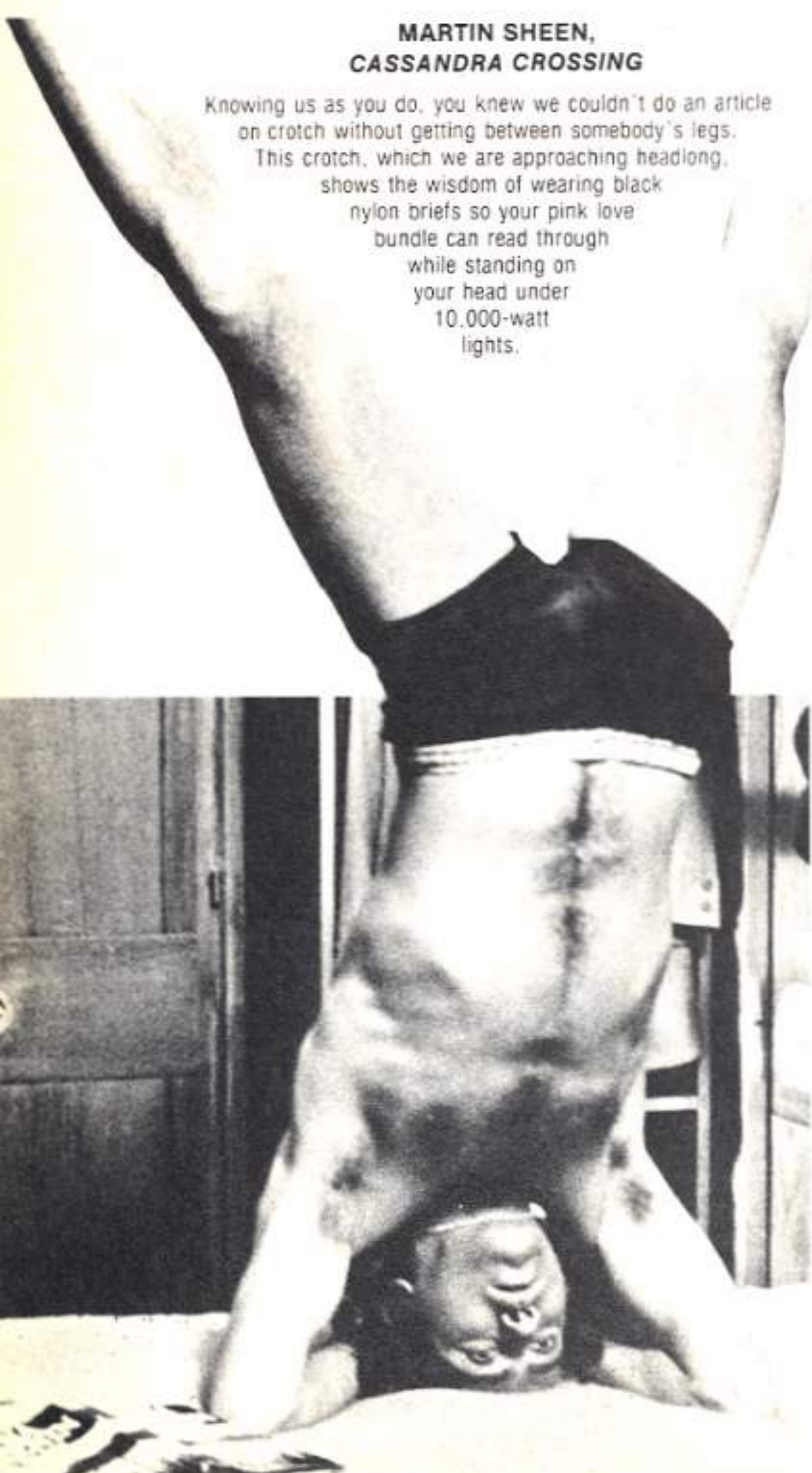
JAN-MICHAEL VINCENT, BIG WEDNESDAY

ANSWER:
MATT DILLON
AND KRISTY
McNICHOL,
LITTLE DARLINGS



MARTIN SHEEN,
CASSANDRA CROSSING

Knowing us as you do, you knew we couldn't do an article on crotch without getting between somebody's legs. This crotch, which we are approaching headlong, shows the wisdom of wearing black nylon briefs so your pink love bundle can read through while standing on your head under 10,000-watt lights.



PAUL NEWMAN, HUD

THE USE OF CONSPICUOUS CROTCH IN A MOVIE AD: With the HUD ad, Paul Newman proved once again that blue jeans were the best friend crotch ever made.





THE FINE ART OF TOUCHING CROTCH AND MAKING IT LOOK LIKE IT REALLY IS IMPORTANT TO THE ADVANCEMENT OF THE PLOT:

GEORGE HAMILTON, *THE VICTORS*:

RULE NUMBER ONE: It's OK to crotch yourself as long as you're falling asleep from the exhaustion of bringing Nazi Germany to its knees and you really don't know any better because you're a dumb buck private and half animal anyway.

LORENZO LAMAS, *TAKE DOWN*

RULE NUMBER TWO: It's OK to get crotched in the middle of an athletic event because Sport is Sacred and anything that happens between jocks is Holy, just as long as your teammate is giving you head with the wrong end of his head and you're really both just dumb jocks and half animal anyway.



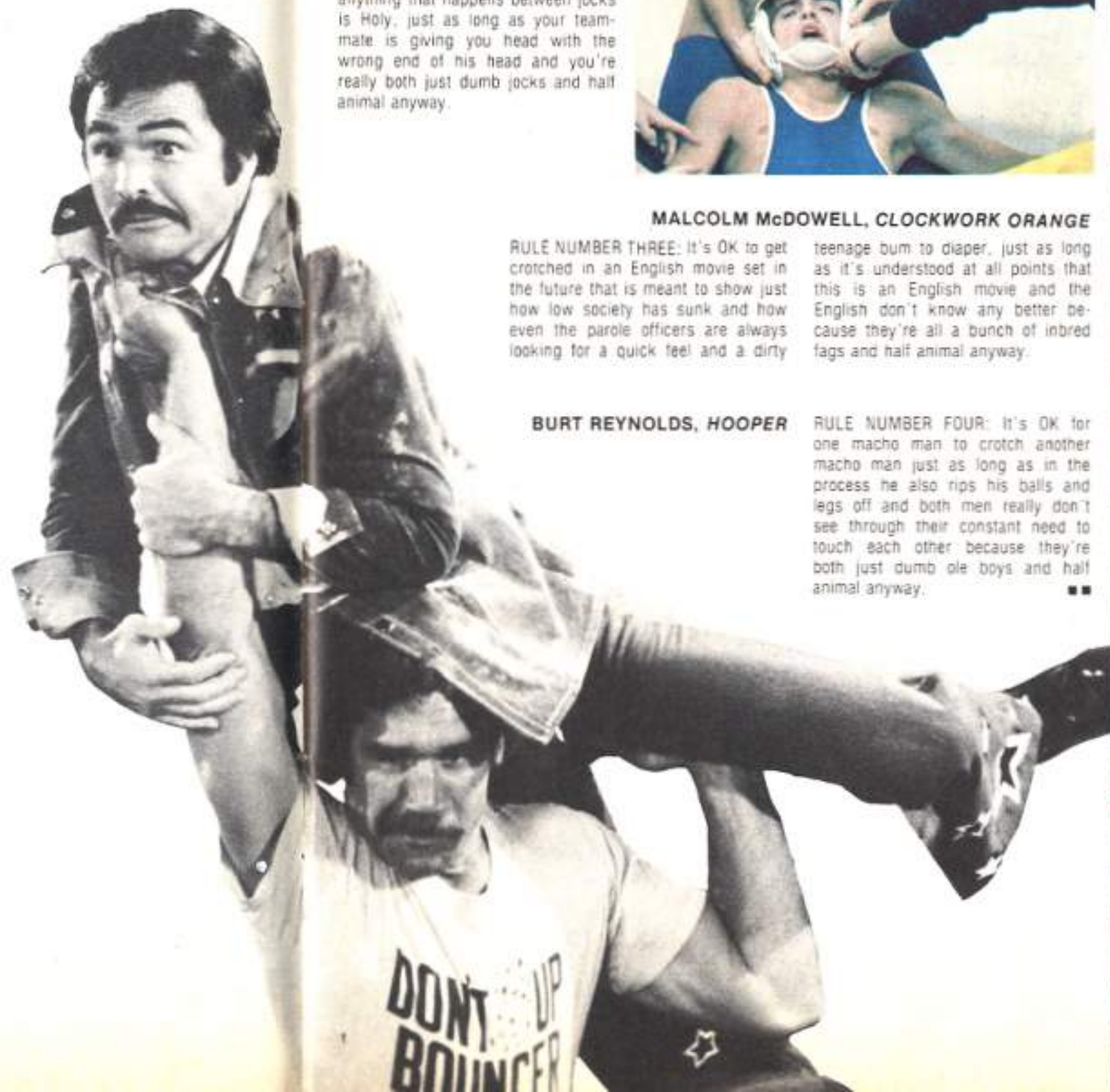
MALCOLM McDOWELL, *CLOCKWORK ORANGE*

RULE NUMBER THREE: It's OK to get crotched in an English movie set in the future that is meant to show just how low society has sunk and how even the parole officers are always looking for a quick feel and a dirty

teenage bum to diaper, just as long as it's understood at all points that this is an English movie and the English don't know any better because they're all a bunch of inbred fags and half animal anyway.

BURT REYNOLDS, *HOOPER*

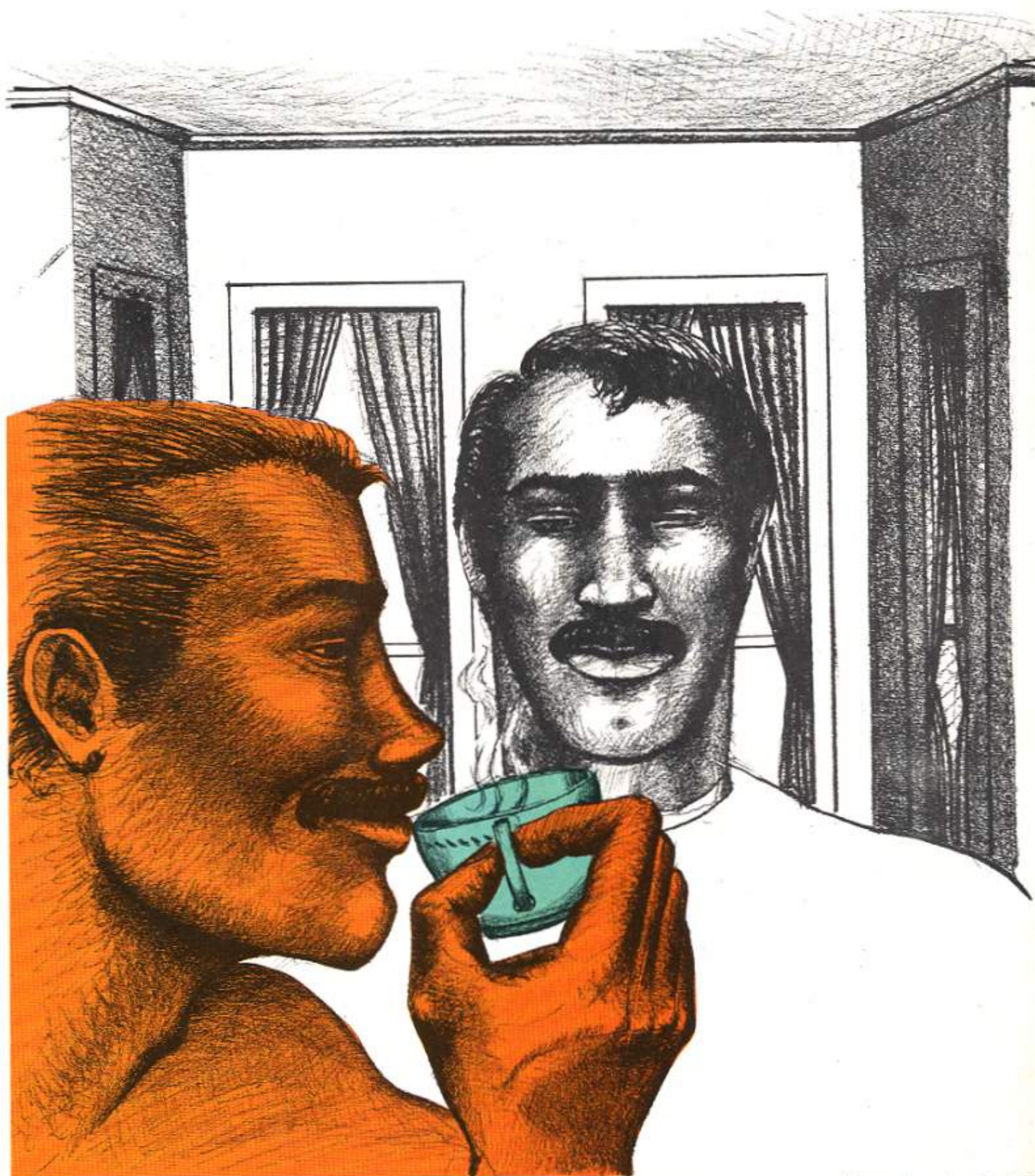
RULE NUMBER FOUR: It's OK for one macho man to crotch another macho man just as long as in the process he also rips his balls and legs off and both men really don't see through their constant need to touch each other because they're both just dumb ole boys and half animal anyway. ■ ■



Q: When is a best friend not a best friend?

A: When he's giving you advice on your lover.

Then he suddenly becomes a cynic, a wit, a philosopher, Bette Davis!



Illustrations by Mark O.

"**L**over Trouble," O'Riley said. "Just like Bette Davis."

O'Riley was Luke's best friend. Luke ignored him. Luke couldn't even remember where he had slept the night before. Whose bed had he kicked back the sheets from that morning? He was on the run. This was the chase sequence from a B-movie. Suicide wasn't the answer. Homicide was. Why should he kill himself when he could kill his lover? No court in San Francisco would convict him for killing the handsome, two-timing sonuvabitch.

But, he told O'Riley, murder-suicide was too gay. His lover had become too gay. Everything in San Francisco had become too gay. Castro was a cast of thousands trapped on the backlot of a weird movie studio that kept shooting the same film loop over and over. Luke resisted the casting. Everybody was looking like everybody else. Originality was so rare you could get stud fees for it.

In the mirror opposite the table where Luke and O'Riley sat, Luke studied what was left of his face. He was looking closing-time-tired at eight o'clock at night. Rub on the Noxema. What comes after Oil of Olay? Surgery of Olay. Lover trouble puts lines in your face. Especially when you love the guy with your heart as much your dick. What the fuck had they done to themselves anyway? Faggots are supposed to be their own best creation.

His lover Chuck had said to him, "Our relationship is noble and manly and good." Chuck had looked directly in close-up into Luke's face the way Luke now looked directly into his own eyes in the mirror. Then Chuck had said, "Trust me."

That had been Luke's first mistake.

He sat in the bay of his friend O'Riley's front room. The third-floor apartment faced the huge neon marquee of the Castro Theatre directly across the street. The rosy light glowed so warm and bright that O'Riley rarely turned on a lamp until the marquee went dark after the start of the last feature.

"Trust," O'Riley prodded. "You drifted off on trust."

"Betrayal." Luke toyed with nasty word associations the way he played with the antique silver spoon next to his empty coffee mug. "I should never have trusted any man living in San Francisco."

Sounds of bumper-to-bumper cars, pickups and bikes rose with a mix of bar-music from the street below.

"San Francisco isn't a city," Luke said. "It's a hunting ground. First you have to be goodlooking. Second you have to be hot. Third you have to be kinky. That's the Castro Breaks."

O'Riley was the Mary Worth of listeners.

B-MOVIE ON CASTRO STREET

By Jack Fritscher

His Mr. Coffee gurgled on his spit-waxed sideboard bought downstairs at The Gilded Age. A Warhol print of Marilyn hung in a chrome frame on the soft mauve wall. "You trusted the wrong guy," he said.

Luke twisted the spoon once used by stars in the studio commissary before the MGM auction. He was intent. Intense. "Do you know what it's like to look into eyes like Chuck's and see yourself reflected in each deep blue pupil? A lover's eyes are a doublefuck."

"I thought you disliked the term *lovers*," O'Riley said.

"We both hate the label."

"But you are lovers."

"No," Luke was definite. He set the spoon down precisely on the wooden table. "No." He hesitated. "Yes. Okay, lovers. Jeez. Is that the only way to express it? Why not best friends, partners, fuckbuddies? Anything but *lovers*! *Lovers* is weighted with expectations."

"You're sounding like lovers."

"We're friends. Friends expect honesty, trust, a little affection."

"You get a lot of sex out of him," O'Riley needed.

"I love him but we're not 'in love' with each other. He says he loves me."

"I don't care what you call it! Lover trouble is so Hollywood. There's more desperate movie queens on Castro, Horatio..."

"I'll kill the ironpumping sonuvabitch! With my bare hands! I haven't pumped my own tits up on those fucking Nautilus machines for two years for nothing!" Luke heaved heavily as he spoke, those pumped-up tits rising and falling.

Luke's lover Chuck was a bodybuilder. Tall, dark, handsome. A looker. A real showstopper. In the first days of their relationship, Luke had adjusted fast to the fact that his new friend was everybody's type. "I hardly have any friends," Chuck

had confided. "They all want to be fans." He had said it with no vanity. And Luke loved him for it. He had seen cars at 18th and Castro rear-end each other. He had seen guys fall up the steps at Paperback Traffic. He had watched the crowd in the Norse Cove grow quiet as he and Chuck walked in to order jack-omelettes with a side of cottage cheese. Luke had never heard of omelettes. He couldn't remember anybody back in the Midwest eating omelettes for brunch. Straight people ate eggs for breakfast.

"Nobody knows the cause of homosexuality," Luke said to O'Riley. "I think it's caused by omelettes and brunch."

O'Riley poured the coffee into the mugs. Perfectly. Like a scene from one of those old Warner Brothers seven-hanky weepers. "Your problem," O'Riley said, "is that you never really moved to San Francisco. You moved to Castro." Then, acknowledging the keys hanging on Luke's belt, leftside, he added, "Excuse me. And to Folsom." He stirred his coffee with the spoon Luke had tossed aside. "Do those keys mean something or are they just junk jewelry?"

"Funny. But not very," Luke took a hit of the steaming coffee.

"Left means... Top?" O'Riley drew out the sentence for sarcastic effect.

"Left means *negotiable*."

"How gay!"

"You got it. Gay! Chuck came from a dirt farm in Oklahoma. He had a great career in Kansas City as an attorney. His very attraction was that he was an unspoiled authentic male. No pretensions. His straightforward preference for men never spilled over into fag behavior." Luke warmed to the thought of those first days when Chuck had visited San Francisco. "Before he moved here, he used to describe Castro as the place where you could unfortunately see men doing to themselves things you hoped you'd never see

men do to themselves. He used to insist that homosexuals don't have to be gay."

O'Riley hid his chuckle behind his coffee mug muttering something about protesting a bit too something or other. "I know," he said. "I hear all these reactionary types saying they prefer to be called queers, faggots, cocksuckers."

"Sounds to me like they're into what those sleazy *Drummer* ads call VA."

"Excuse me. I was a nun in my last existence. What's VA?" O'Riley asked.

"VA. Verbal Abuse. A sexual humiliation trip."

"Oh. You mean like the Governor of Nevada calling us queers when he doesn't want to rent state property for the Gay Rodeo?"

"Chuck coined the term *homomasculine*. He says manhood is more than sex. He says homosexuality focuses too much on the genitals. He says homomasculine men shouldn't ape heterosexual coupling. He says we should live in an open fraternity."

"Your Mr. America sounds like the Oracle of Delphi. Only piled higher."

"Some guys are lucky," Luke said. "Natural stars. As smart as they are good-looking. Good genes. Good grooming."

"Good drugs," O'Riley countered. "Some guys pump up their bubbletits with steroids. Just like your little Chuckie—I've seen him pop those little blue pills. This season they're the in-drug on Castro. With

enough steroids, cottage-cheese omelettes and workouts at the gym, a guy can pump himself up like a bloated dog in the noonday sun. Don't you try and tell me that all of Chuck's unnaturally natural beauty is genetic and athletic."

"You're sounding envious." Luke spread a small smile on wry.

"I've looked in your refrigerator. I can read. I saw the package of anabolic steroids. Nandolone Decanoate. And toe needles. How long has he been shooting himself up? Since before he won those physique contests I'll bet."

"So what?" Luke resisted out of habit any attacks on Chuck.

"I guess," O'Riley said, "there's a little bit of Faust in all of us."

"In San Francisco you don't deal with people, you deal with the drugs they're on. What's the difference if it's coke, quaaludes or steroids?"

"Every faggot wants to be Judy-Judy-Judy. Uppers in the morning, Downers at night and fucked senseless by rough trade till dawn."

"Shut your mouth! Judy was a good woman." Luke was firm.

"You want tea and sympathy?"

"I'm here for nothing more than to watch the rosy glow of the Castro Theatre marquee be kind to your face. If wrinkles hurt, you'd be screaming."

"How'd you like a mouth full of bloody Chicklets? Some fags deserve bashing."

O'Riley enjoyed tripping Luke's circuits.

"How can you stand living right on Castro? Your address is a cliché," Luke said. "Your zip code is as much a sign of your sexual deviancy as all this designer crap you bought on sale at Work Wonders. Shit! Work Wonders! That ought to be the name of a gym." Luke was pissed. "Designer apartments. Designer muscles."

"So what's wrong with gay guys pumping a little natural muscle on their bodies? Even if half of them ride their Nautilus machines sidesaddle. Makes them look like neathly cadets from some military academy. I live on Castro because I figure with so many All-American boys on the hoof, there must be a prep school somewhere in the neighborhood. How else can you account for it? Just like a college town. The Norse Cove is the dining room of the city's largest Animal House."

"You're a bitch."

"You're a bastard."

"Do you have the strange feeling we're doing the Hepburn-Finney dialogue from the final scene of *Two for the Road*?" To O'Riley, life was a movie to be edited in the living of it. In this, at least, he was in total accord with Luke—and the Castro Street millions.

Luke couldn't let the conversation stray too far from Chuck. "I have the strange feeling I've been seduced and abandoned by my fuckbuddy partner who has betrayed homomasculine fraternity and has

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gone gay, Gay, GAY!"

"Would a guy with muscles do that?"

"When he moved here directly into my apartment, he was pure, unspoiled, a golden god..."

"And now he's a muscleclone whose only visible means of support is the window ledge on the front of Donuts and Things."

"You have a way with words," Luke said. "I'm not sure I like it."

"Come off it. I've watched that little group of tittypumpers you and he hang out with leaning in the sun for fucking hours in front of those jelly-filled donuts. Don't you get tired drinking all that coffee from those yellow wax cups? And why are you the only one who keeps your shirt on? You may not have all the muscle, but they certainly treat you like one of the boys."

"Fuck you."

"Isn't that what you've always wanted to be? One of the boys?" O'Riley unscrewed an imaginary pill bottle. "Have a steroid. Take two. They're small. Try a handful. Be one of the boys! Stand in front of that fucking donut shop and watch your livers turn to green pudding and drain out onto the sidewalk. One of a dozen side-effects. No wonder Chuckie's favorite movie is *High Anxiety*."

"He says he likes it because it's so unusual to see a group of Jewish actors having fun."

"I told you he's a fascist. Homomasculline fraternity, my ass! He's a sexual fascist! He even wears that muscle-cut teeshirt that says 'The Strong Shall Survive.'"

"Don't get politically correct on me. I'll throw up." Luke rubbed his stomach.

"Those little musclepumpers won't fuck with anybody who isn't better built, or who isn't better looking and hot or who doesn't work out at the same gym. Maybe that's what your Arnold Chauvinegger calls fraternity. That's not brotherly. That's sexual fascism. I'm down on what's happened to my neighborhood."

"I'm sorry we all helped it happen. Mecca became a ghetto. The ghetto stratified. Lots of guys are leaving the City."

"I don't know what those muscle freaks see in you. Either you've got the biggest dick in San Francisco or Chuck's the biggest bottom in town." O'Riley grinned. "I know you do love to use your whips and chains and tit clamps." He mock-rubbed his tongue around his lips. "How big is your dick?"

"Twelve inches."

"Only if I let you fuck me twice." O'Riley grinned.

"We've never fucked."

"We never will fuck. That's why we'll always be good friends. That's why you'll still be sitting at my table drinking my coffee ten years from now. Long after Chuckie's dead and gone from steroid rot. But I suppose you'll still be at home alone, stoned, running all those videotapes you shot of him posing in body-beautiful con-

tests and of him jerking off his big cock in your bedroom."

"He is hung. Not all bodybuilders are compensating."

"Spare me. You know I've never been susceptible to his charms."

"I don't care about how he looks or how he's hung or how great he's built or how good we are together in bed. He can get old and sick and skinny and impotent..."

"With steroids, he will."

"... I'll still love him."

"Hum me 'Hearts and Flowers.'" O'Riley made a small violin: forefinger over thumb.

"Hey! I need somebody. So why not the best somebody?"

"Everybody needs somebody... or settles for somebody."

"I think, I mean, I thought..."

"Funny how verb tense changes when an affair is breaking up."

"I think I need him. I know I want him. Not exclusively. Not all the time. We have threeways. We both fuck on the side."

"So what exactly is the problem?" O'Riley wanted a bullseye.

"He's spoiling himself, turning gay, pricktasing guys who honestly like him when he has no intention of following through and fucking with them."

"That's turning very gay." O'Riley was no fool. His sexlife was a knockout. He got exactly what he wanted from young street hustlers he rented by the hour from the Tenderloin and off Market Street. "I have little patience for anybody who isn't getting what he wants. And even less for somebody who is getting maybe what he deserves."

"What's that mean?"

"I know you've taken steroids too."

"For four fucking weeks, big deal! The anxiety they cause made me stop."

"Why were you so stupid to take them?" O'Riley's disgust was not feigned.

"I wanted to keep up. I wanted to be able to keep on keeping on with him."

"So where do you get off thinking you're so much purer than him?"

"Fuck off. I'm not. Everything I say about him is just as revealing about me. Whose life is it anyway? Mine. Besides, it takes two," Luke said.

"Really? I always think of Castro somehow as half of Noah's Ark. You know: one of every kind!"

"Maybe it's not him. Maybe it's just my life we're talking about. Maybe I've stayed too long at the fair." Luke's thoughts sometimes ran like Streisand lyrics about somebody done somebody wrong.

"Aren't we all just playing the lead in our own little movies." O'Riley liked to score points. "Chuck's only a supporting character, after all. Not your co-star." He absently fingered several snapshots of his streetboys lying on some books stacked neatly at the edge of the table. They were basically heterosexuals. With their own brand of bullshit. They stayed straight even when they laid their ass on the line

for a john. They made plain and simple distinctions. Nothing complicated. O'Riley, at thirty-two, had long before lost his taste for Byzantine gayboy games.

"I need somebody kind of special." Luke said. "Chuck has some body, but maybe he no longer has his soul. Maybe he sold it for all that physical beauty. Steroids screw up the personality. Maybe his own good looks have betrayed his soul the way I feel he's betrayed the one main thing I gave him in love. The only thing one man can ultimately really honor another with: trust."

"You expect me to believe that you love that stereotype for more than his face? He may not be my type but I know what a heartbreaker he is on the street."

Sometimes Luke felt like he was Dirk Bogarde pining on the beach over Tazio in the last reel of *Death in Venice*. "Listen. I had to work around the fact he was supergorgeous in order to get at his real self."

"Just like he had to work around the fact that you're not supergorgeous to get at your real soul," O'Riley said.

"I tell him the truth. Nobody else ever tells him the truth. They tell him what they think he wants to hear on the outside chance that they'll get in his pants. Chuck has the most-kissed ass on Castro."

"He loves you for your mind. Right? You may not look more than average but you've got a great personality. Right?"

"I thought it could work both ways," Luke said.

"Chuckie likes big strong 18-inch arms." O'Riley could rub in salt with the best.

"He'll never find bigger arms than mine to embrace him."

"So he's built like a brick shithouse and you've got that wonderful skinny euphemism: a swimmer's body. What do you two do in bed anyway? Everybody at the Norse Cove is taking bets."

"I know. Him into muscles. Me into leather." Luke grinned.

"How do you two put it together? Exactly? For two years all I've gotten from you is vague generalities about long hot nights of sex, drugs, and rock and roll. I know you're both animals."

"We do what Oscar winners do when they get home from the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion—we fuck. With the physique trophies in the bed. Or at least that's what we did the night he won his first contest."

"Cute." O'Riley rolled his eyes.

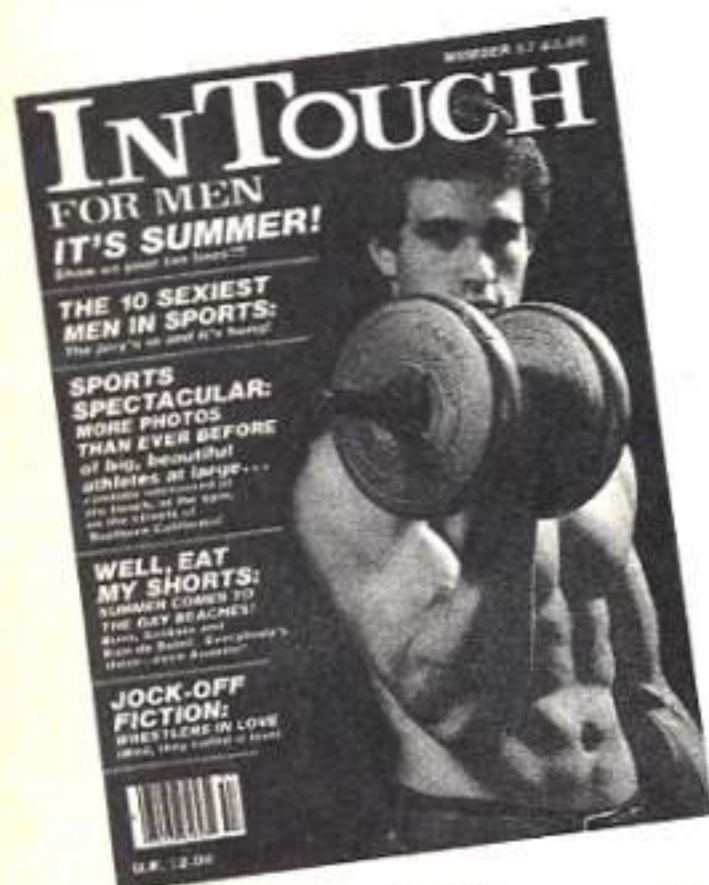
"He calls me 'Coach.'"

"I'm beginning to sense who's on top."

"Can you imagine what it's like to lay a first-place bodybuilder the night he's won four trophies? Can you imagine what it's like to lift up a pair of legs that have just won Best Legs in California and fuck his ass?"

"I think I can imagine it." O'Riley said and hit his coffee deliberately. "That's the problem. That's why you've got Lover Trouble. That's why you can't sleep. That's

BACK ISSUES of IN TOUCH FOR MEN



#48 (JULY/AUG.)
Alan Bates, Toronto, Sports, Fashions, Batter Up!, Billy Hayes, "Hockey Night in Canada," Victor Arimondi Revisited, Art of Bob France, Gordon of Khartoum.

#49 (SEPT./OCT.)
Natural Men, Triathlon, Roger Moore, Las Vegas, Manhunt A to Z, Skatt Brothers, Color Me Hung, coverman Rex Johnson.

#50 (NOV./DEC.)
Anniversary Issue, How to Pick Up Straight Men, 7 Years of In Touch Models, Men of the Olympic Gymnastics Team, Chicken!, Interview with Zach, Box-Office Gays, Tom of Finland.

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#51 (JANUARY)
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#52 (FEBRUARY)
Men of Australia, Sexual Psychology of Color, Mud Wrestling, Prince Charles, Military Discharge, Angel Babies, "Socrates and the Golden Warrior," coverman Mario.

#53 (MARCH)
Richard Gere, Sex in Prison, How to Pick Up the Bartender, Naked on Madison Avenue, 1980 Men Revisited, Shooting the Rapids, "Souvenir of Mexico," coverman Kirby Scott, Tom of Finland.

#54 (APRIL)
Chris Atkins, Sex Life of Tarzan, Sexercise, Hunks of "Meat," Rio—Cruising in Sex City, City Men in the Jungle, Jungle Men in the City, coverman Tony Hill, Tom of Finland.

#55 (MAY)
Casting Couch: Mr. Starr, Salute to Sailors, Gay & in the Navy, Evita Auditions, Michel Serrault, Melville & Hawthorne, coverman Brad Davis, plus Adam Bladder, Steve Foster, Carl Flores.

#56 (JUNE)
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#43 (SEPT./OCT.)
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#44 (NOV./DEC.)
San Francisco, Taka Boom, Lacrosse, Making Up, Dayton Ka'Ne, Art of H.G. Wright, "Fountain of Youth," Lawrence of Arabia, Rosa Salomone, "Flight of Fancy."

#45 (JAN/FEB.)
New York, Brando, Tiger, Diaghilev, Self Defense, Hawaii's Roughwater Swim, "Daniel in the Dark," Michael Lloyd, Frederick Combs.

#46 (MAR/APR.)
Water polo, Ted Shawn, The Other Florida, Tom of Finland, "Ripe Tomatoes," France Joli, David Niven, Somerset Maugham.

#47 (MAY/JUNE)
Dallas, Michelangelo's Men, 3 Hollywood Hunks, Mike Farrell, Rugby, Quentin Crisp, Anthony Dowell, "Man Made," Photos of Steve Arnold.

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why he's out pricking without putting out on his big macho come-hither look."

"I don't get it."

"You're running around with a muscle-ninny who can't believe—and won't admit—he likes a brainy, sex-talkative type like you who knows how to play his head like a banjo. Not only likes them but likes them to fuck his ass!"

"He keeps whispering to me late at night that next to jerking off, I'm the best sex he's ever had," Luke said.

"So to you he'll admit it. But his build and his face require a certain cool attitude. I'll bet he can't admit he's a queer cocksucker."

"He'd never say those words."

"That's the trouble with that whole twisted little group of bodybuilders who pose at being carpenters and painters and construction workers. They can't stand the fact, the *fact*, man, that they're gay. Not homomuscular. Not homomuscular. Not homodiddlyshit." O'Riley looked hard into Luke's face.

"I think they have a harder time than the rest of us."

"Don't cry for me, San Francisco," O'Riley pushed his chair back in disgust.

"Seriously. Deep down they think *straight* is better." Luke was making an earnest plea for them. "They see their bodies, their clothes, their work so close to being straight that they're crazed to pass for straight. They even talk about 'passing'." Luke sort of had bought the bodybuilder script.

"Like a butch bunch of good niggers!" O'Riley shot back. "Shit, give me a good honest clone or queen anyday. And still they need honest, gay, faggot queers like you to worship them, adore them, keep them. Muscles are just another fetish. Right behind dirty jockstraps and cigars."

"I like big guys. I like muscle. I like the jock look," Luke insisted.

"Bodybuilders are a crock. They're all hustlers. Economic, emotional, you name it. They need transfusions of energy. They have to replace all the energy they put out in the gym." O'Riley sucked air through his teeth. "Hustlers. I know from hustlers. My life is young street trash. Believe me. Chuck is a hustler."

"No," Luke said almost too emphatically. "That's not true. He hates hustlers. He wrote an anonymous letter to *Iron Man* magazine exposing his feelings about the muscle-hustling scene. Guys do their posing routines straddling various doctors' chests. The doctor jerks off. They collect their modeling fees in oral and injectable steroids. Chuck refused to do that. He hates muscle-hustlers."

"Did he share your rent for the last two years?"

Luke hesitated a moment too long.

"See. He's *not* a hustler *only* if you play semantics. And, God, how you two like to play semantics. Call him a mercenary. That's a fashionable word these days. El (Continued on page 65)

*"Sometimes I've believed as many as six
impossible things before breakfast."
—Lewis Carroll*



ZOLTAN

The boy can't help it



Maybe his real name is Zoltan. We don't know. All we know is that these photos were taken by Roy Dean in Miami and this 18-year-old bodybuilder didn't want his real name used. We named him Zoltan because he's Hungarian and frankly the name Mickey Hargitay has already been taken. So for that matter is Zoltan, it being the name of one of the sons of Mrs. Mickey Hargitay, our own Jayne Mansfield. Oh well, we'd like to think that any son of Jayne would be as super-sized as this young man. What else can we say? Would you like us to make up a hobby, sex life and zodiac sign for him? You can do that yourself. Just fill in the blanks:

A native of _____, Zoltan's favorite pastime is _____ from sunrise to sunset. He has a very firm _____ and a very hot _____. But nature didn't skimp in the _____ department either. His favorite way of getting off is to ram his _____ into the friendly _____ of a uniformed _____. In fact, one time he did this during a crowded _____ and _____ seven times in a row! "I guess I'm oversexed," he says with a winning laugh and proceeds to prove this statement handsomely by _____ right in front of us with a spray of hose water. "I sure wish this was hot _____," he says with a grin.

We understand. The boy can't _____ it.

**Photos by
ROY DEAN**









JEAN-ROBERT
C'est si bon

“O.K., translate: La plume de ma tante.”

The pen of my aunt.

“... est sur le bureau de mon oncle.”

... is on the bureau of my uncle.

“... et le garçon n'est pas coupe.”

... and the boy is uncut.

“Le garçon n'est pas coupe et beau et de Québec. Il a 22 ans et a venu a California pour etudier le marine-biology a l'universite ...”

Wait a minute, you're going too fast!

“Il a pose pour Playgirl, Hustler et maintenant IN TOUCH. Il a fait cela pour ...”

Something about IN TOUCH.

“... l'argent pour ses etudes, mais apres regardant les possibilites dans California ...”

Damn it, we knew we should have paid attention in French class instead of staring dreamily at our instructor's pouty red lips. In fact his lips were exactly like the ones on the guy in this spread.

“... le beau garçon avec les levres que tu aimes tant a decide a retourner a Quebec et etudier le marine-biology la bas. 'J'aime beaucoup California,' il a dit avec un sourire, 'mais il y a trop des divertissements la-bas.' ”

This is maddening!

“We thought you were good at French culture.”

Very funny. You could at least tell us his name.

“Jean-Robert Le Cocq.”

Le Cock! We don't believe it!

“Voir, c'est coire.”

Seeing is believing. Touche.

**Photos by
GUY INTERNATIONAL**











GLENN

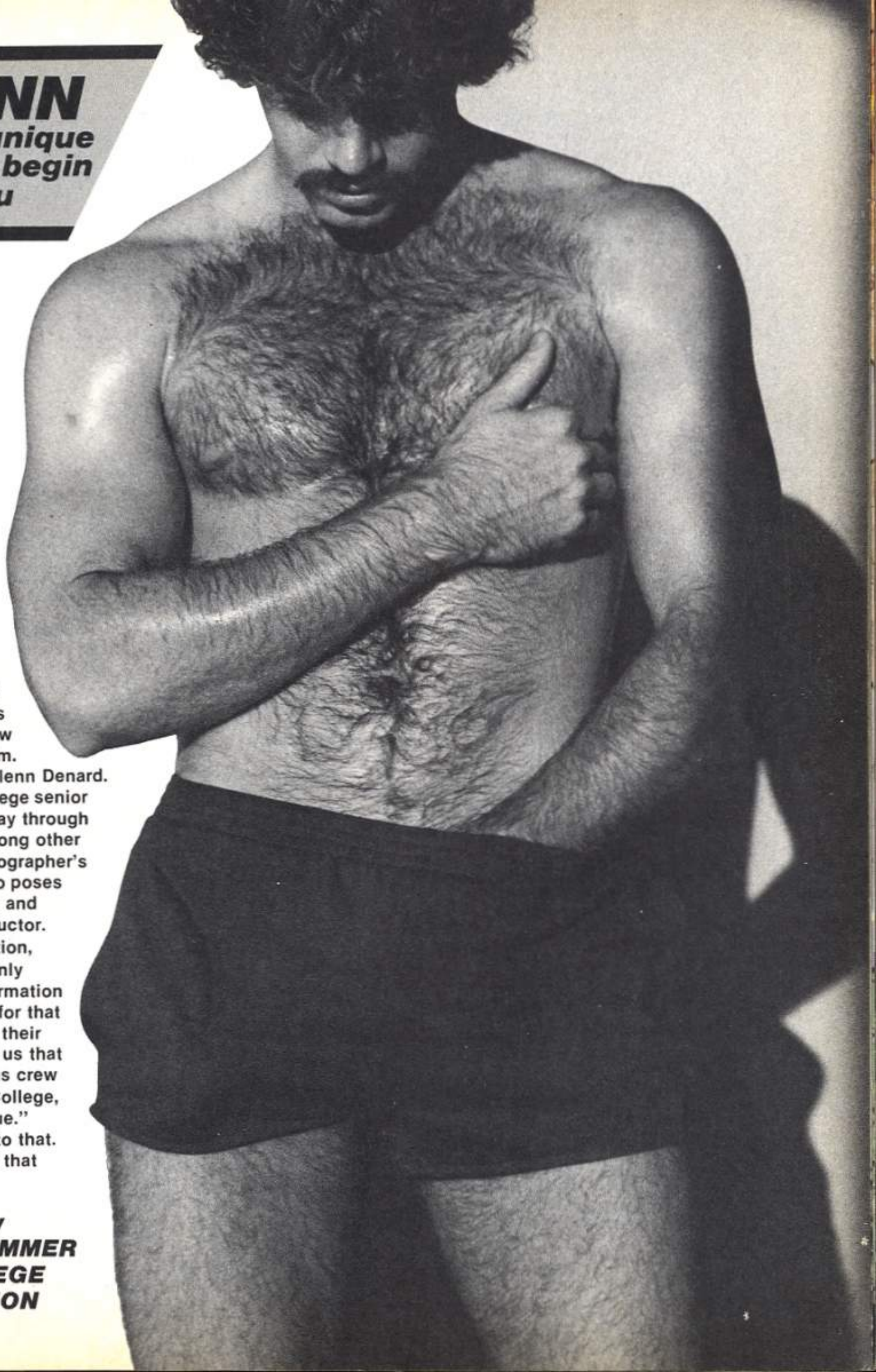
**He's so unique
we can't begin
to tell you**

Remember our "Jungle Man in the City" feature in Issue 54? A lot of you guys wanted to know more about him. His name is Glenn Denard. He's 21, a college senior working his way through school as, among other things, a photographer's model. He also poses for art classes and is a gym instructor.

College Station, which is the only source of information on Glenn—or for that matter, any of their models—tells us that "as the campus crew chief at City College, Glenn is unique."

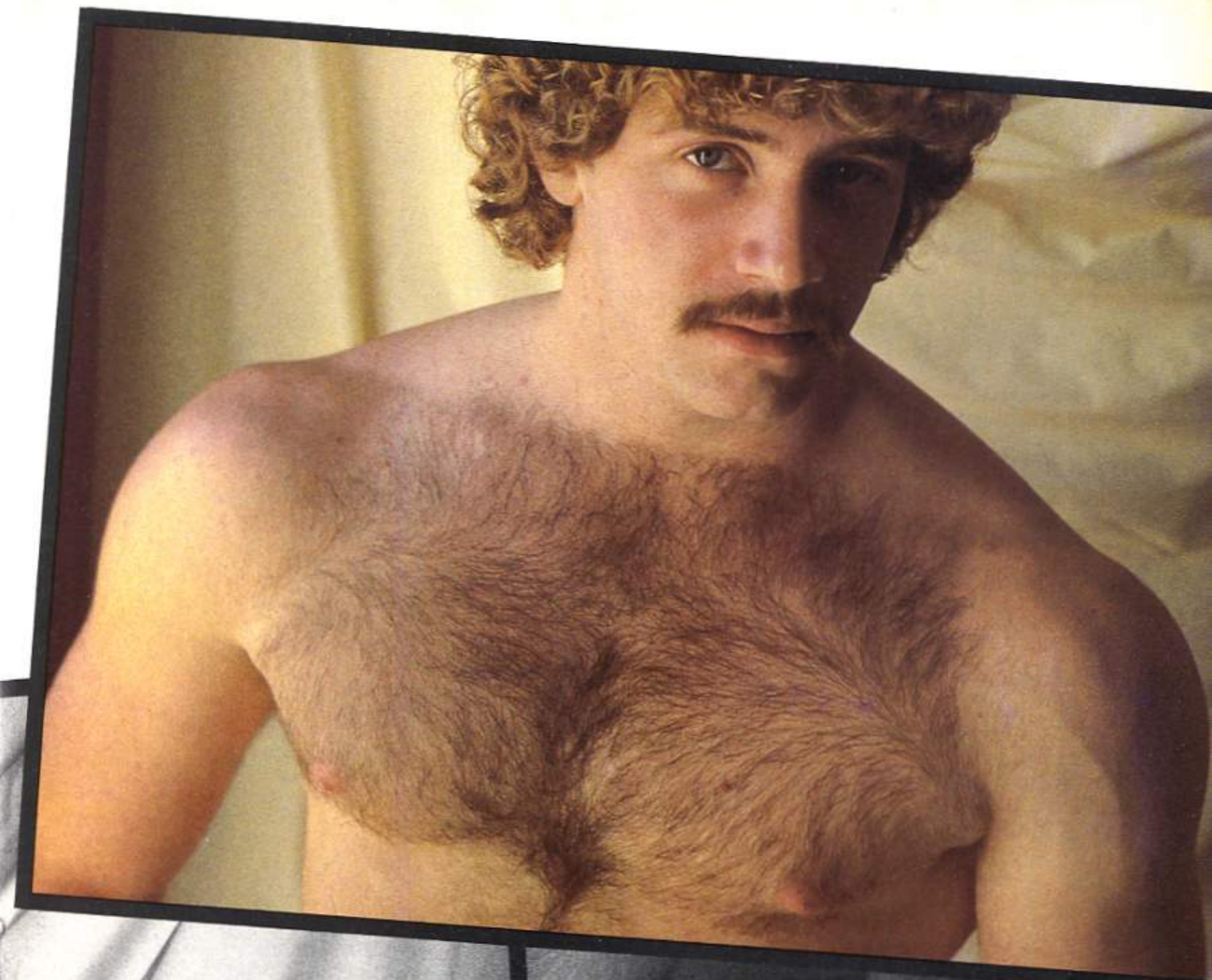
We'll drink to that. And that. And that too!

**Photos by
ZAK DRUMMER
—COLLEGE
STATION**









CURT

He's all spit and polish

"ROBBINS!"

"Yes, SIR!"

"ARE YOU A MEAN MOTHERFUCKER?"

"Yes, SIR!"

"DO YOU LOVE THE CORPS?"

"Yes, SIR!"

"DO YOU LOVE YOUR DRILL INSTRUCTOR?"

"Yes, SIR!"

"ARE YOU QUEER FOR MY GEAR?"

"No, SIR!"

"WHAT!"

"Yes, SIR!"

"SOUND OFF LIKE YOU GOT A PAIR, ROBBINS!"

"YES, SIR. THE PRIVATE IS QUEER FOR

THE DRILL INSTRUCTOR'S GEAR, SIR!"

"ARE YOU A FAGGOT, MAGGOT?"

"NO SIR!"

"HOW CAN YOU BE QUEER FOR MY GEAR

AND NOT BE A FAGGOT, MAGGOT?"

"THE PRIVATE LOVES THE SERGEANT, SIR!"

**Photos by
ZEUS**

**"SHOW ME HOW MUCH
THE PRIVATE LOVES
THE SERGEANT!"**

"Shall I strip, SIR?"

"TO THE BONE, PRIVATE."

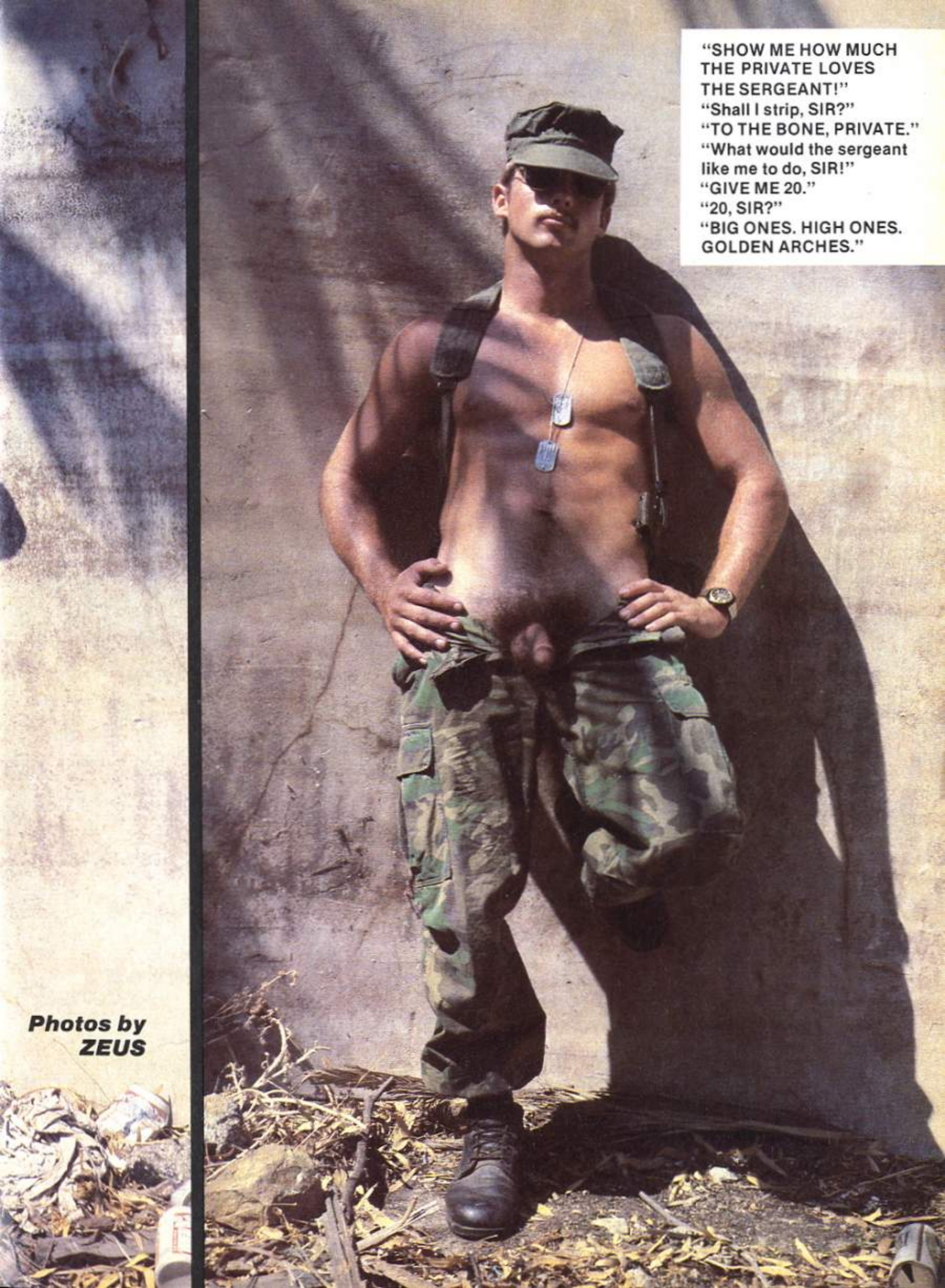
**"What would the sergeant
like me to do, SIR!"**

"GIVE ME 20."

"20, SIR?"

**"BIG ONES. HIGH ONES.
GOLDEN ARCHES."**

**Photos by
ZEUS**





"With or without the hat, SIR?"

"WITH HAT! PUT ON MY BELT AND T-SHIRT!"

"Yes, SIR!"

"NOW GIVE ME ORDERS!"

"Say what, sir??"

"ARE YOU DEAF, MARINE!"

"NO, SIR. THE PRIVATE DOESN'T THINK HE UNDERSTANDS . . ."

"YOU'RE NOT PAID TO THINK, MAGGOT. YOU'RE PAID TO FOLLOW ORDERS AND YOUR ORDERS ARE TO GIVE ME ORDERS. IS THAT CLEAR, PRIVATE!"

"AFFIRMATIVE, SIR."

"YOU'RE THE SERGEANT: I'M THE PRIVATE. YOU'RE TO USE ME, ABUSE ME AND FUCK THE LIVING SHIT OUT OF ME."

"Yes sir, SIR! Yes sir!"







B-movie on Castro Street

(Continued from page 38)

Salvador, Angola, all that *Soldier of Fortune* crap."

"Don't," Luke said.

"Why not? You need some truth. Is this a war movie? Are we all supposed to be nice to bodybuilders because their gym class leaves at dawn?"

"Shut up," Luke said.

"Castro may be the Western Front but unlike you we won't all be quiet. Not when a select little fascist group starts hustling, cannibalizing, exploiting, vampirizing the rest of us just because they've got big pecs and biceps. Bodies may be what a lot of guys think man-to-man sex is all about. But any guy who's been around the block knows it's more than just stand-up sex in a backroom. And I don't see anything wrong with that either. Sometimes when you're fed up and worn out with interpersonal relationships, nothing feels better than an honest impersonal sex encounter. Frankly, that's what you need. Some no-obligation, no-expectation fun-for-the-moment sex."

"Ain't you just the Oracle of Delphi yourself?"

"I know what works for me. Period. Right now you don't know what works for you. That's all I'm saying. Have a tenth-rate nervous breakdown over the sonuvabitch if you must. Movie-queens love mad scenes. Enter innocent as Juliet, exit mad as Ophelia."

"I love him."

"Isn't that from *West Side Story*?" O'Riley was a thesaurus of lyrics.

"What?"

"I love him. I'm his..." O'Riley sang. Off-key.

"Yeah, I suppose. And everything he is. I am too."

"Don't you just wish!" O'Riley laughed.

"Cunt!"

"So what are you going to do while Mr. Gorgeous pricks his way through the Castro letting only the favored ones feel up his baseball-sized biceps?"

"I told him he can have anything he wants," Luke said.

"That's what I always tell my hustlers too."

"I mean it."

"We always mean it—until after we come." O'Riley leaned in close to the table.

"So what am I going to do? Commit suicide or commit murder?"

"Just wait. Wait it out. Wait till he finds that he's never going to find a jerk or a john who loves him more than you do. More, by the way, than he deserves. And hope while you're waiting that the steroids don't kill him with cancer before he realizes what he's got in you."

"And what should I do while I wait?"

"Beat off. Sleep around. Become a masochist. I don't know." O'Riley drained the last of his coffee. "Maybe just be there

when he comes crashing down." He stopped. "He will come crashing down, this high-flying adored of yours. We all come crashing down. You, me, him, Evita. Sooner or later we all regret our high-wire acts, swinging nights from the chandeliers, without a net." O'Riley reached across the table and held Luke's hand. "Don't spin your wheels too long. Don't waste your energy. Remember *Carousel* when Shirley Jones sang, 'What's the use of wondrin' if the ending will be sad.'"

"I'm not wondering. I've tried to be the gentleman he always wanted us both to be. I'm not masochistic enough, maybe not at all, certainly not enough to do this self-effacing bit. I've got a lot of anger. A lot of anger. A whole lot of anger I don't know what to do with. We've never even had a fight. We've never in two years yelled at each other. Now I have all this anger," Luke said.

"Then one afternoon when he's out preening in the sun with the boys," O'Riley began, "you head on in to the Star Pharmacy and buy a couple bottles of something really scuzzy like *Jade East* cologne and walk up to him and slosh it all over him. If he's gotten as gay as you say and truly as tacky in public as I've seen, with all those other voluptuous muscle showgirls, he'll love it."

Luke grinned at the scenario. "He's so proud of his big biceps," he said. "I'd rather take out a contract and have both his arms broken. Make him into the Venus de Milo of Castro. I'd like to see what his vanity-pump looks like after six weeks in a pair of casts!"

"I love these *Nine to Five* fantasies," O'Riley said. "Just like Fonda and Tomlin and Parton ganging up on a defenseless man."

"He told me he feels so empty. He told me how much he really dislikes all those other muscle guys. He says they don't have the symmetry, the face, the look. He plays up to them because he likes the way they all play up to him."

"Mutual ass-kissers. Real vanity. Narcissus drowning in steroids."

"I hate him. I love him. I want to sleep with him tonight," Luke said. "Omigod. Passion. I have such passion."

"This is a small town. Word travels fast. I've heard he owes money."

"There's more gossip than truth on Castro. Everybody owes money to somebody. These are hard times."

"I suppose it's not hustling when you just borrow," O'Riley said softly.

"Don't be cynical about him. Please. Don't believe all the street talk. Chuck's not evil. He's not a hustler. In his heart, he's a gentle man. It's just..." Luke's voice trailed off.

"Just what?"

"Just that moving to the City has turned his head a little."

"And he's turned a few heads."

"So why's he punishing me?" Luke hurt way deep down. More than he ever

thought he could hurt. "Because I told him the truth?"

"Kings used to kill the messenger who brought them the truth."

"He asked me. He honest-to-God asked me why he was so unhappy here in San Francisco. I made a mistake. I told him what I thought. That maybe even he can't have everything he wants the way he wants. Everything he owns is at my house. His clothes. His trophies. How can a man so strong be so fragile? He's on the run. It's like he won't..."

"...can't..."

"...face me." Luke was stymied. "Why's he so embarrassed? Why is he making me feel so embarrassed?"

"Because you are a famous couple. Visible. Because you know about him. He never suspected anyone would ever get to know him the way you penetrated his defenses." O'Riley spoke deliberately. "You know the private truth. He's paranoid that your information will become ammunition."

"I told him I was a safe person. I told him for two years that he could hide out in me whenever he wanted." Luke raised his eyes to the soft glow of the ceiling. "I'd never hurt him. Not anymore than you hurt a hysterical person when you slap him." His lower face pulled taut. Lines formed. He held back on the cry being pinched out by the hurt. "Omigod. I love him."

"For two years, he took, right? He took. You gave."

"He gave too. Some things. But now he's hiding. He won't let me give. Not anything."

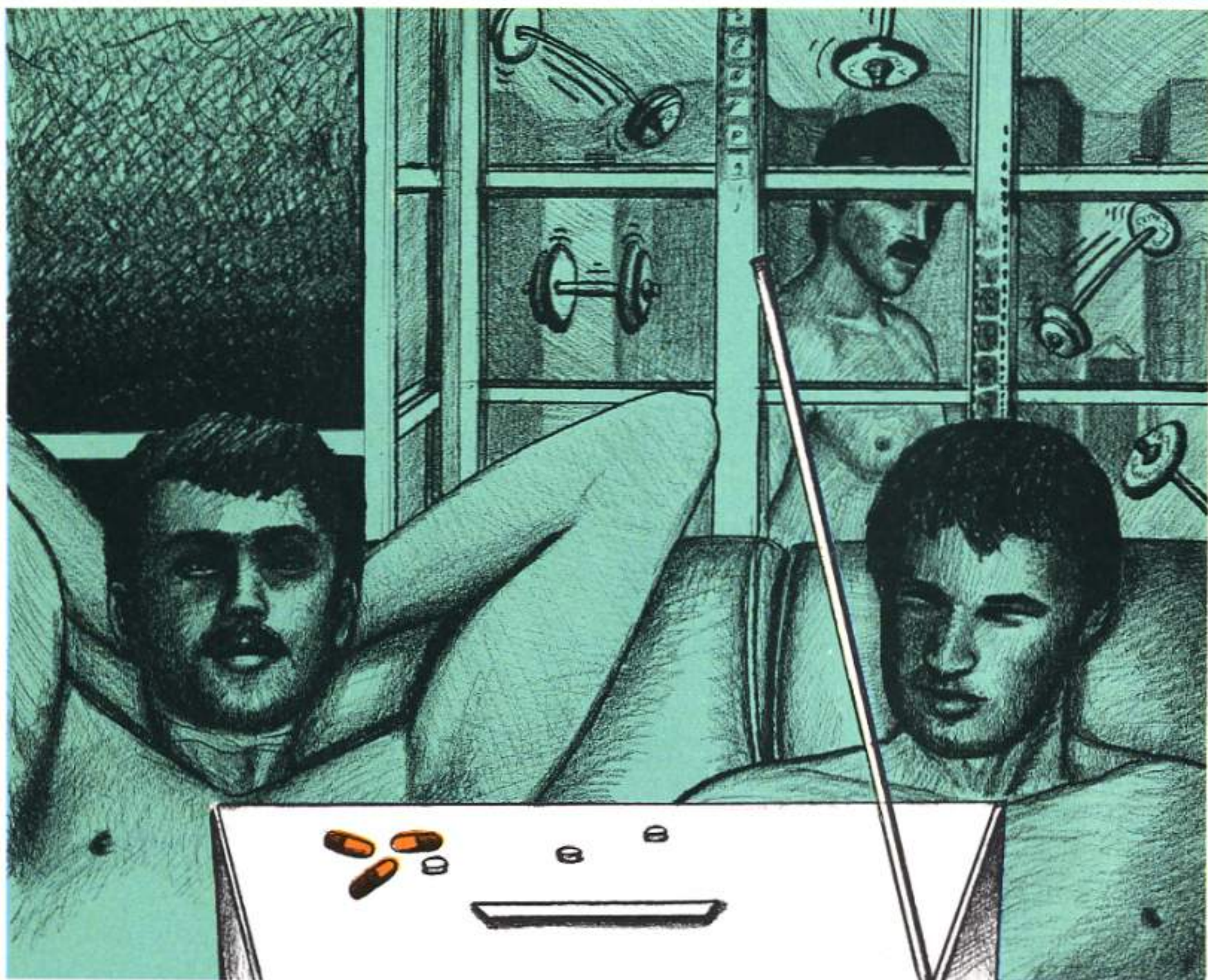
"That's a reverse hustle. That's a sting!"

Luke had not intended any of this to go this way. He had not known exactly when his life had turned into a grade-B movie. He had read somewhere that in an hour of film, you actually watch twenty-seven minutes of total darkness. Your eye chooses to watch the light of the fast illuminated single frames flashing one after the other through the projector and onto the screen. If the film slows down, like in old-time movies, the screen seems to flicker. Luke was afraid, he was beginning to see life that way. He was beginning to see the darkness between the frames. There was really no such thing as a moving picture. Just a barrage of fast stills. The film could slow down. He could see the darkness. The celluloid could break.

"I have nothing to say about human sexual relationships," O'Riley said.

"Except," Luke could feel the flicker, "they don't work."

"Of course not. They're illusions. They pretend to work. Relationships are at best a truce." O'Riley pushed himself back from the table. The glow of the Castro marquee haloed his strawberry-blond hair. "My father told me that for forty years he woke up in the morning and looked my mother straight in the eye, everyday and



said in a very calm voice: "Now don't start anything and there won't be anything."

"That's cynical."

"That's finite truth. It sums up the whole big deal of human relationships. He just wanted a truce."

"I hate it all," Luke couldn't finish his coffee. It would keep him awake, and he didn't know where he would sleep that night.

Across Castro, an usher in a brown leather jacket was up on a ladder changing the theater marquee. His hands shifted the last letters of a Woody Allen title around to spell out *Casablanca*.

"Did you see the Allen film?" O'Riley asked.

"Chuck says he's too New York, too Jewish, too bleak. He doesn't like him."

"No wonder. Allen's good at relationships. Real good—at dissecting them."

Luke couldn't face going back to the apartment to find Chuck gone again. He knew he was going to have to throw him out. Everybody in town wanted Chuck in the sack and he was going to throw him

out. It would be a new experience for Chuck but it gave Luke small satisfaction. He'd be left alone in his apartment, like someone sitting by the side of the road at the scene of an accident.

"At the beginning we're all charming," O'Riley said. "At the end, we're all assholes. Allen has this girl accusing him, 'But you're not like we were at the beginning. You were so charming.' And Allen says, 'I was just doing my mating thing. I was using up all my energies. I couldn't keep doing this. I'd go crazy!'"

"So that's what people do?"

"At the beginning, the movie we're living is no different from the movies we watch. At the beginning, you think you're both so intelligent, so full of life the first few days, weeks, months. Then reality creeps in. You start accusing each other of leaving jockstraps on the floor and dishes in the sink. You call each other idiots. You leave angry notes about who owes exactly what on the phone bill."

If Chuck was gone all night again, Luke figured why should he sleep alone, just on

the outside chance he'd come home. He'd be better off heading down to the Brig to find someone negotiable to cuddle with.

"Maybe I'll join the exodus from San Francisco. Move north to Sonoma County. Get back to what I came out for. Unspoiled men. I think the dream here in Mecca is over."

He said sort-of goodnight to O'Riley and walked down the three flights and out on to Castro. The usher across the street was standing on the sidewalk studying the lettering on the marquee. He was wiping his nose in a red handkerchief he stuffed back into his right pocket.

Luke figured maybe he'd go take in *Casablanca* the next night. "Here's looking at you, kid." And all that bitter-sweet farewell stuff.

He walked uphill toward Market Street. Away from 18th.

A young guy leaning against the Bank of America said, "Joints?"

Luke wasn't at all sure of what he'd think about tomorrow when today would be yesterday. 1981 Mansquared, Inc. ■■

THE FILMS OF CROTCH

(Continued from page 26)

The stud is beautiful, in a tux and slouched back with his legs wide apart. Crazy (like a fox) Carradine gleefully moves in, shoots his right hand between the guy's legs and lifts him off the couch in a crotch hold. Then he carries him down to the cellar "la-bore-a-tory", lays him on the operating table (my heart is pounding), places his right hand squarely and very flatly on the beautiful young man's crotch (my eyes are bulging), unbuckles his belt and zips his pants open (I was eight but I think I actually came!—even if you couldn't quite see the zipper unzip from the camera angle.) In a quick cut, Carradine already has a bedsheet over the guy's lower half. Still, his shirt and tie are off and you know he's naked.

It may not be an Academy-Award-winning scene but it definitely was one of my most memorable moments at the movies. Carradine went on to much better things, of course, and the young actor, Michael Ames, wound up as a chorus boy for Mae West; but Lord, he was a handful! To me, he could never be sexier than he was on that operating table with a mad doctor depanting him.

From that day on, I watched the screen with new interest. And what I found was fantastic. Boxing movies were always good for big baskets shot at crotch level, as if the camera was about to give the boxer a blow job. Also there was plenty of hands-on crotching. Maybe the crotching was unintentional, maybe it wasn't. A lot of films would have had to be shot over again if a director had to cut every time an actor's hand landed on another guy's balls. Still, there are certain movies where the crotching doesn't seem accidental, no not accidental at all:

I remember fondly, for instance, a low-budget opus called *The Girl from Monterey*. A beautiful blond boxer is resting between bouts in his corner of the ring, leaning against the ropes when his handler, a slightly older guy built like a linebacker, jumps into the ring, falls on one knee and plants his right hand on the front of the boxer's satin trunks! I'm about to go wild (I'm still about eight years old; this is maybe my first boxer-movie-crotching memory) as the handler pulls down the trunks in front so I can see the blond's jockstrap! Then he massages the boy's abdomen, legs, chest, nipples—and just before stepping out of the ring, plants his right hand on the boxer's balls to steady himself as he climbs through the ropes. Now considering the fact that there are actors who have rehearsed and rehearsed—and rehearsed—the scene, how casual was all this casual tugging and rubbing and groping?

More blatant is the Joe Palooka movie, *Counterpunch*. Blond bruiser Joe Kirkwood Jr. is sprawled on his stool between rounds. Among his handlers is a guy who

stands behind Joe on the outer edge of the ring. Suddenly—oh so suddenly—a long hand moves around Joe's waist and onto his abdomen, moves in under his waistband and abruptly plunges deep inside Joe's trunks. Is Joe wearing a jock strap? Who knows? Who cares! All I know is that the handlers's hand is buried under the black satin trunks up to the man's wrist!

Getting crotched wasn't the exclusive joy and degradation of B-actors. Big stars got touched by the moving finger... and touched back in return. In *China Seas*, in a scene full of sadomasochism, the 1930's Clark Gable (yes, the King himself!) is crotched by a Chinese slaver who is giving him the "wooden boot" torture as he sits tied to a chair by ropes. One coolie, who may have had a thing for Gable—as many men did—took advantage of the situation by grabbing Gable's right knee. After a moment, the hand moves up, up, up the thigh onto the front of Gable's white pants, then sharply down so the King is held firmly by the crotch. The hand is there not for a second but for a full two minutes! And, from Gable's expression, he obviously *did* give a damn! But the director allowed the crotching to remain in the film.

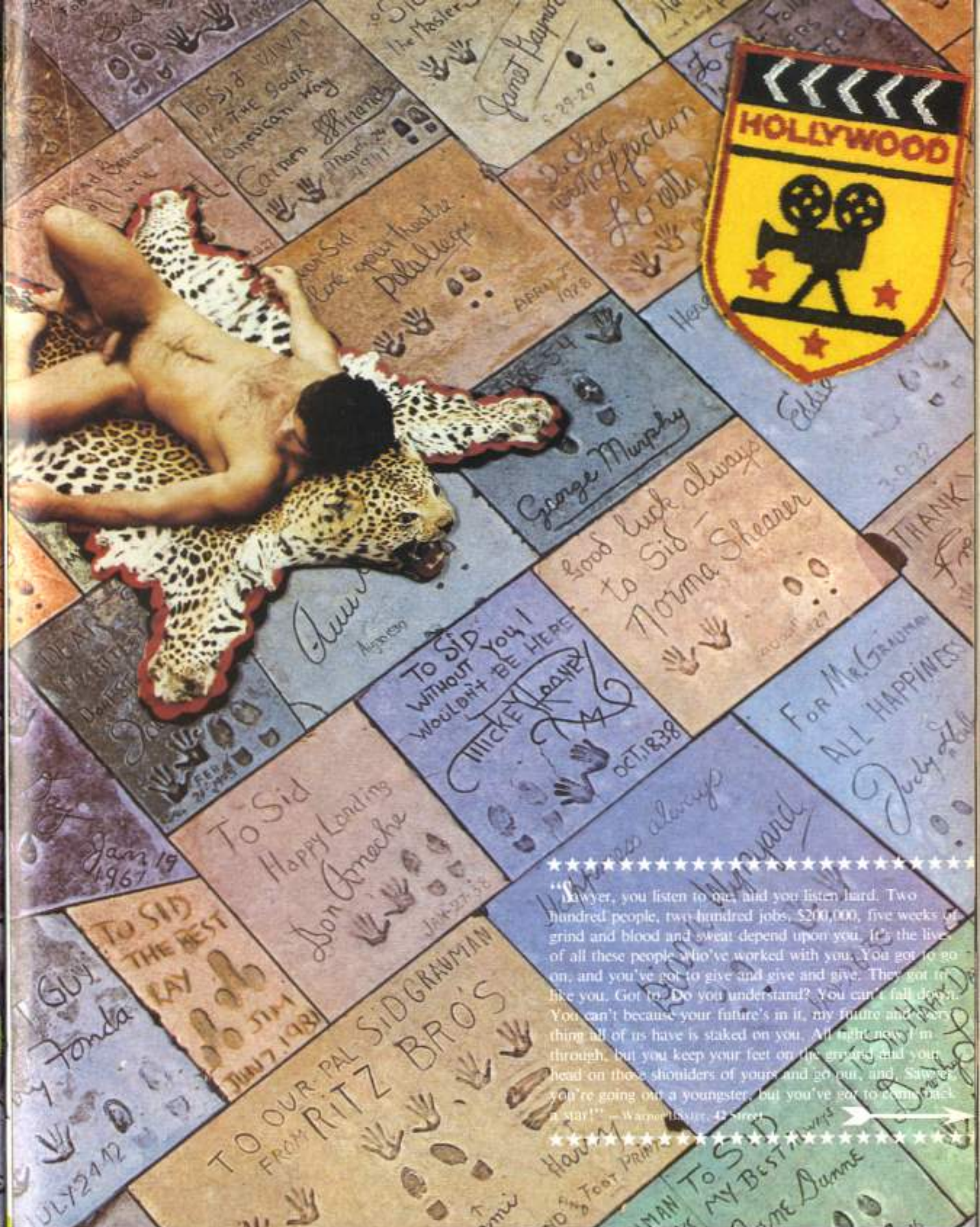
Taking a little liberty himself, Gable years later in *Teacher's Pet* got familiar with Gig Young. Gig was drunk and Clark got him home and dumped him on his bed. Turning Gig on his back, Gable rests a hand on the front of his buddy's black tux pants. The hand remains there for a comfortable amount of time.

Errol Flynn—that now controversial bisexual—gets more than a little personal with a handsome young blond named William Lundigan in *Dodge City* who has just been trampled in a cattle stampede. After the dust clears, Flynn turns beautiful Bill over to see if he's alive. In the turning, Flynn brings a hand down on Bill's crotch. And if he wasn't alive before, he comes alive very nicely under Errol's grope.

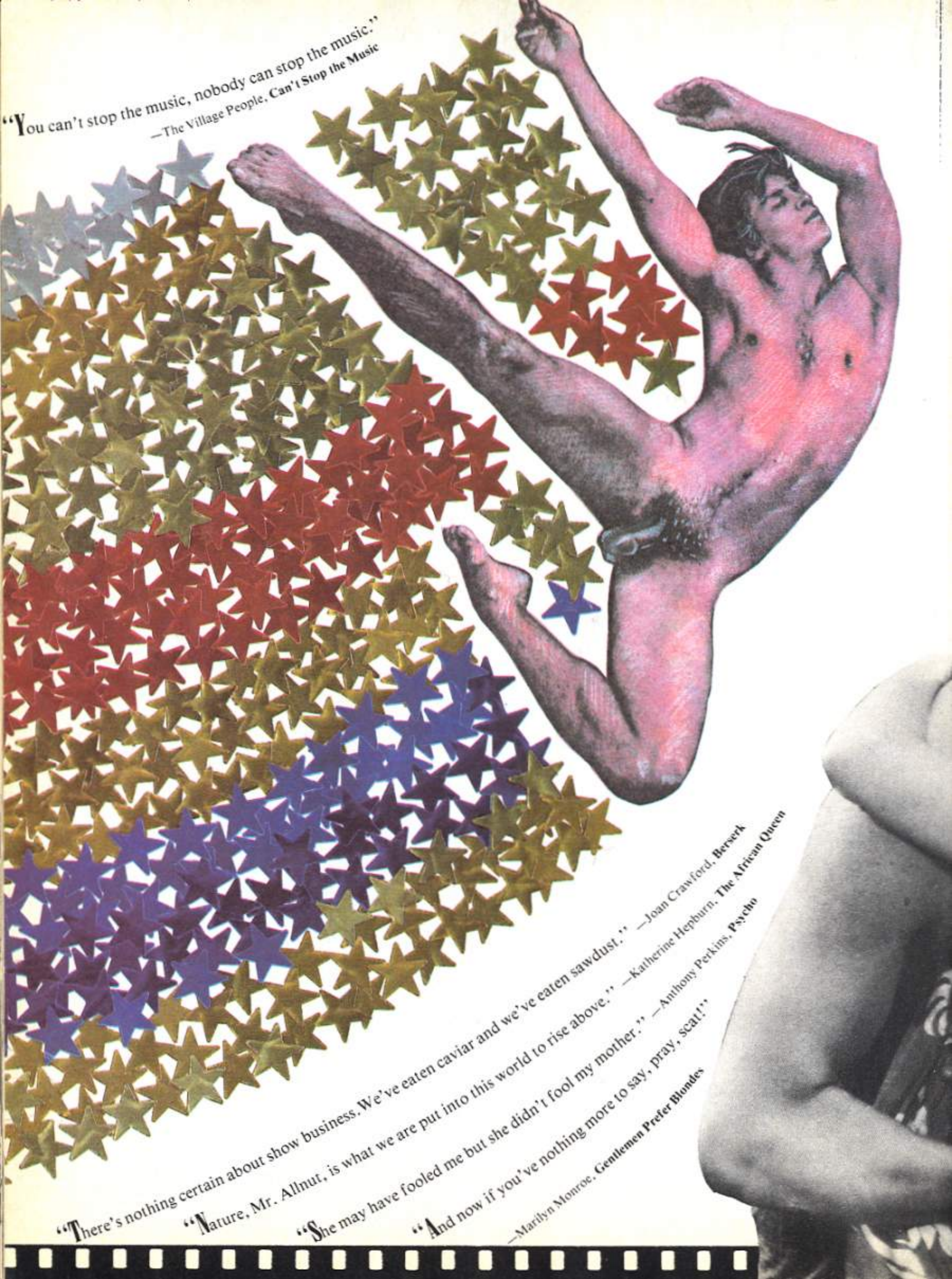
What can only be called an orgy of crotching occurs in the 1960's film *That Man from Rio*. Jean-Paul Belmondo dives off a balcony and into a cafe-full of fighting men, but instead of hitting the floor he is buoyed up by the strong arms of the men, seeming to fly across the room as hand after hand reaches up to move him out the door. It is impossible to count the number of times a hand passes over his crotch but it has to be one of the longest and most intentional, written-into-the-script gropes in movie history.

Crotch scenes are now sort of a hobby for me. I love to catch old and new movies on TV just to see who's crotching whom. Sometimes it's a brief—but damn intimate—frisk. Other times, there's a lot of crotch action as a cop passes a hand between a young tough's legs, resting momentarily on his fly. I could go on forever, but I'm sure you know exactly what I'm talking about and have your own favorite Films of Crotch. ■■





"You can't stop the music, nobody can stop the music."
—The Village People, *Can't Stop the Music*



"There's nothing certain about show business. We've eaten caviar and we've eaten sawdust." —Joan Crawford, *Berserk*
"Nature, Mr. Allnut, is what we are put into this world to rise above." —Katherine Hepburn, *The African Queen*
"She may have fooled me but she didn't fool my mother." —Anthony Perkins, *Psycho*
"And now if you've nothing more to say, pray, pray, scat!"
—Marilyn Monroe, *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*

HOORAY FOR HOLLYWOOD!

That screwy, ballyhooey Hollywood!



Starring:

NUDE MODELS BY ROY DEAN

Featuring Dialogue by:

DOZENS OF MAJOR HOLLYWOOD STARS

Design:

RAY WEBSTER & JIM YOUSLING



"Why don't you get out of that wet coat and into a dry martini?"

—Robert Benchley, *The Major and the Miner*



...ford, *Berserk*
...burn, *The African Queen*
...ny Perkins, *Psycho*
...Cat!"
...ndes

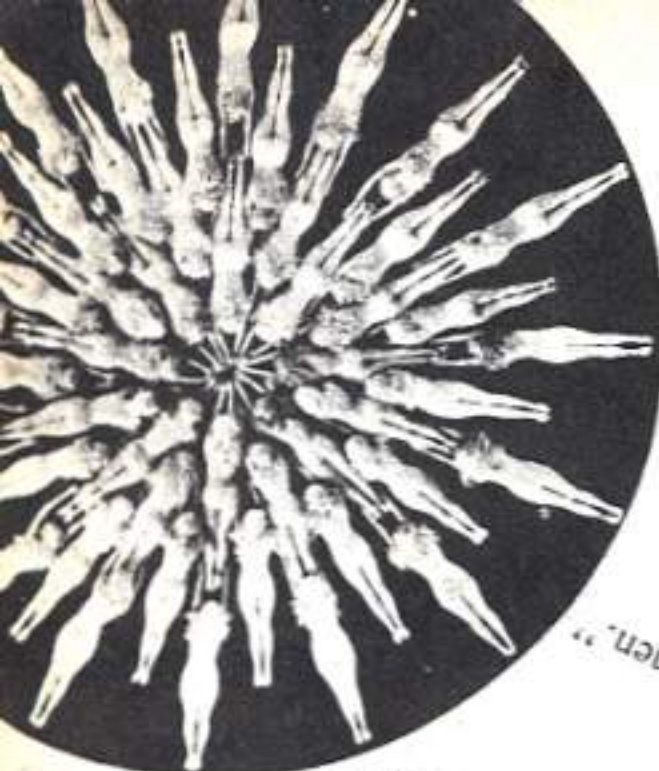
"You mean . . .
all this time we could
have been . . . friends?"

—Bette Davis to Joan Crawford,
*Whatever Happened to
Baby Jane?*

"The colors!
Stop the colors!"

—Tippi Hedrin, *Marnie*

IN TOUCH FOR MEN 69



"Last night I dreamt I went to Manderly again."
—Joan Fontaine, *Rebecca*

"You lay down with pigs, you get up with pigs."
—Lee J. Cobb, *The Carmichael*

"I am here to tempt the hearts of men."
—Patty McCormack, *The Bad Seed*

"Mad About the Boy—Norma"
—Maria Montez, *Cobra Woman*

"Do you mind if I take off my coat?"
—Nancy Allen, *Dressed to Kill*

"Call me by my dream name."
—Linda Blair, *The Exorcist*

"I'm so tired of just being pretty."
—Kim Novak, *Panic*

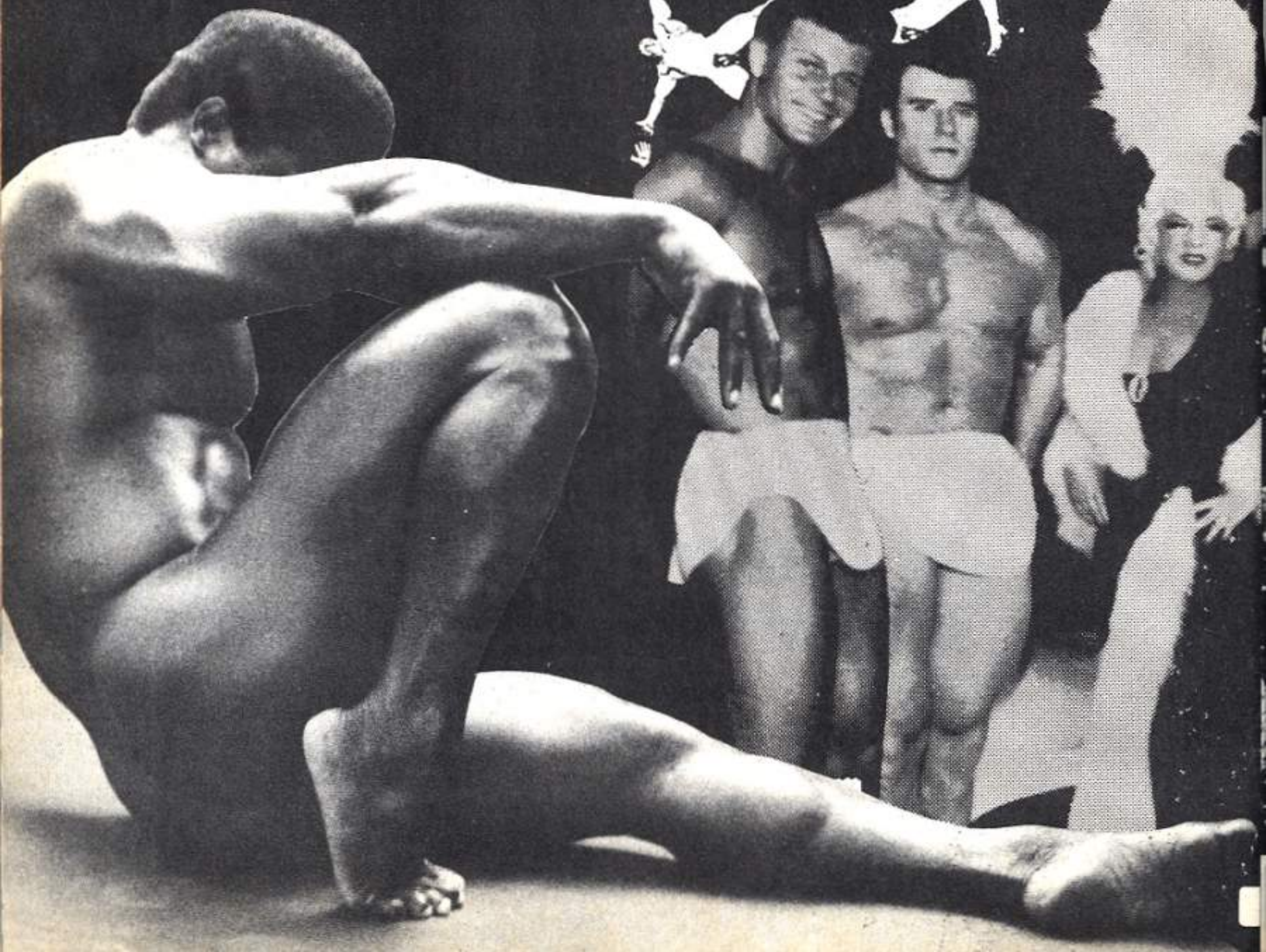
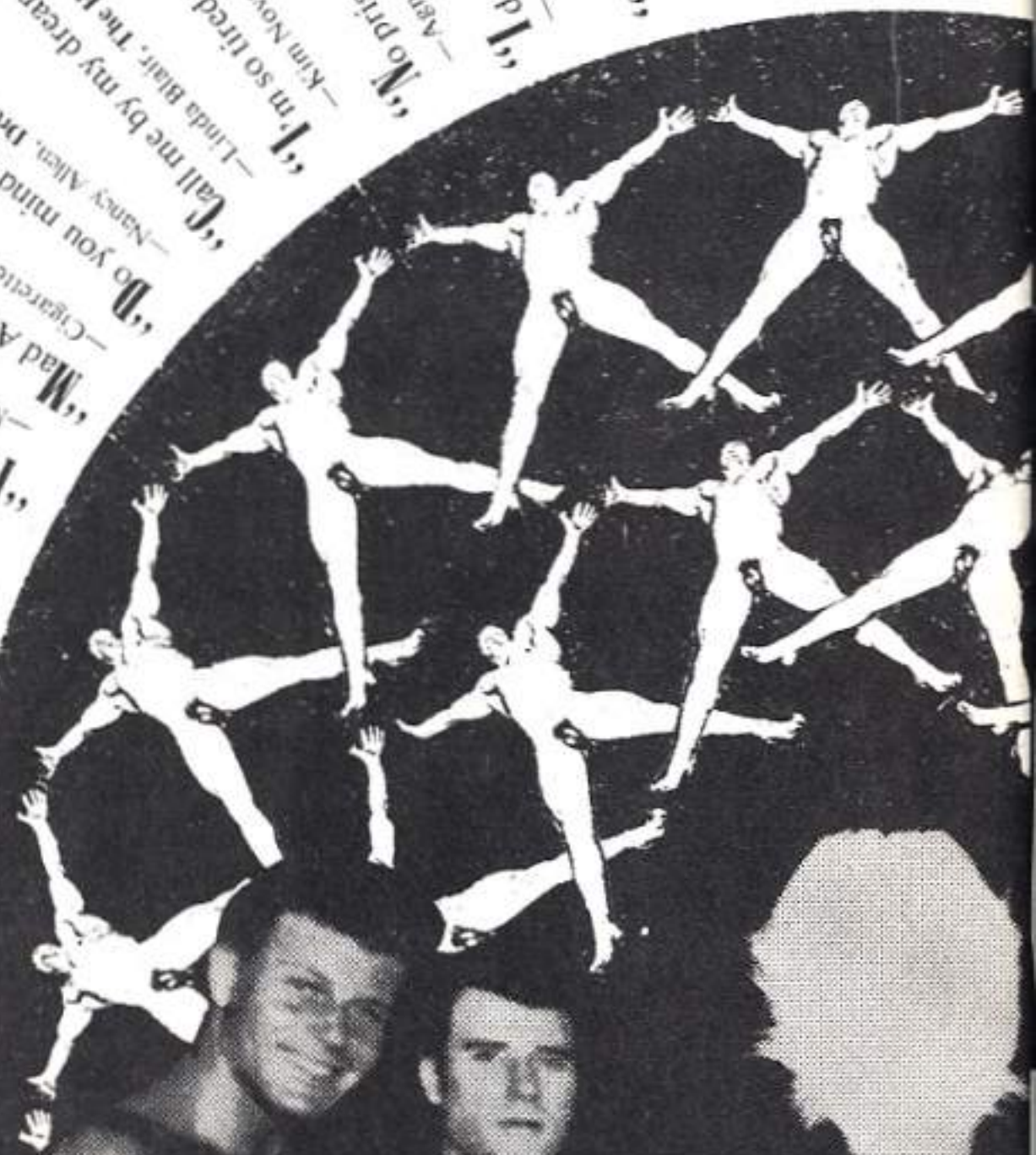
"No prison's a normal place."
—Agnes Moorehead, *Caged*

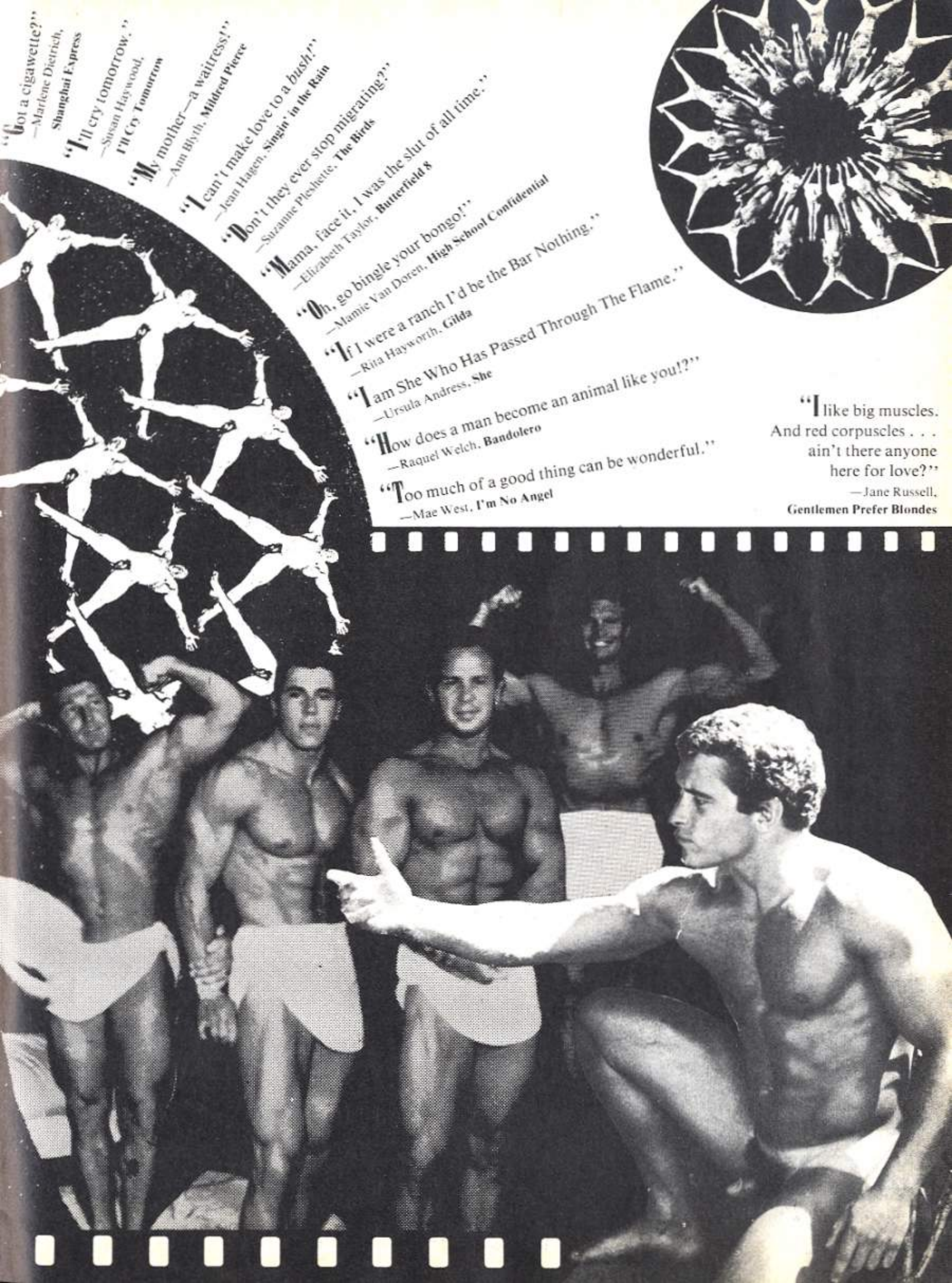
"I don't brag!"
—Elizabeth Taylor, *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*

"Whips or lips?"
—Al Pacino, *Cruising*

"Bon-bon, sir?"
—Edy Williams, *The Naked Kiss*

"Oh, let's!"
—Hayley Mills, *The Parent Trap*





"Got a cigawette?"
—Marlene Dietrich,
Shanghai Express

"I'll cry tomorrow."
—Susan Hayward,
I'll Cry Tomorrow

"My mother—a waitress!"
—Ann Blyth, Mildred Pierce

"I can't make love to a bush!"
—Jean Hagen, Singin' in the Rain

"Don't they ever stop migrating?"
—Suzanne Pleshette, The Birds

"Mama, face it, I was the slut of all time."
—Elizabeth Taylor, Butterfield 8

"Oh, go bingle your bongo!"
—Mamie Van Doren, High School Confidential

"If I were a ranch I'd be the Bar Nothing."
—Rita Hayworth, Gilda

"I am She Who Has Passed Through The Flame."
—Ursula Andress, She

"How does a man become an animal like you?"
—Raquel Welch, Bandolero

"Too much of a good thing can be wonderful."
—Mae West, I'm No Angel

"I like big muscles.
And red corpuscles . . .
ain't there anyone
here for love?"
—Jane Russell,
Gentlemen Prefer Blondes



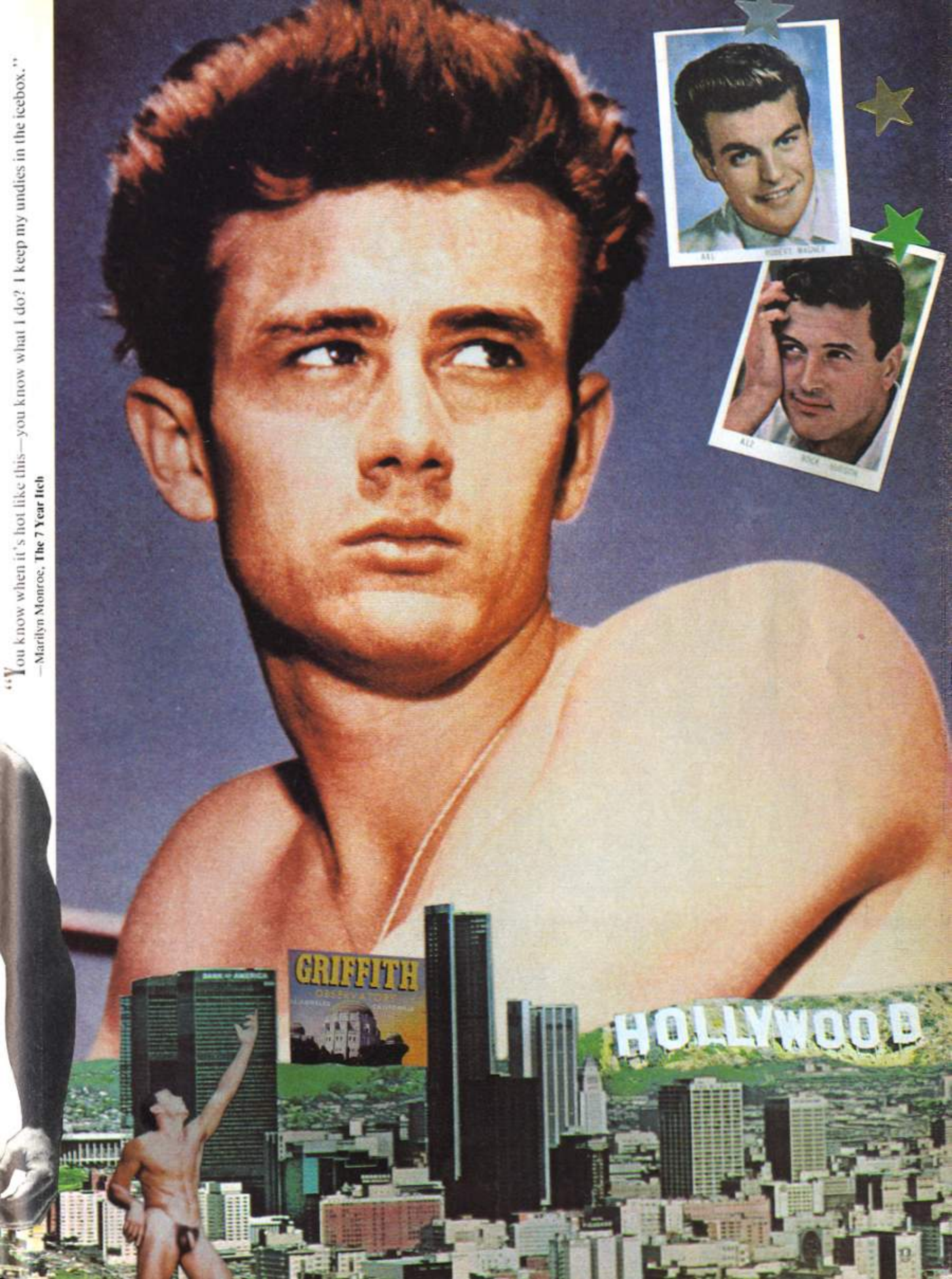
“When I get in a tight spot, I shoot my way out of it. Why, sure! Shoot first and argue afterwards. You know, this game ain’t for guys that’s soft.” —Edward G. Robinson, *Little Caesar*

“You know when it’s hot like this—you know what I do? I keep my undies in the icebox.”
—Marilyn Monroe, *The 7 Year Itch*

“When you smile at me the way you do . . . Oh, my goodness!”

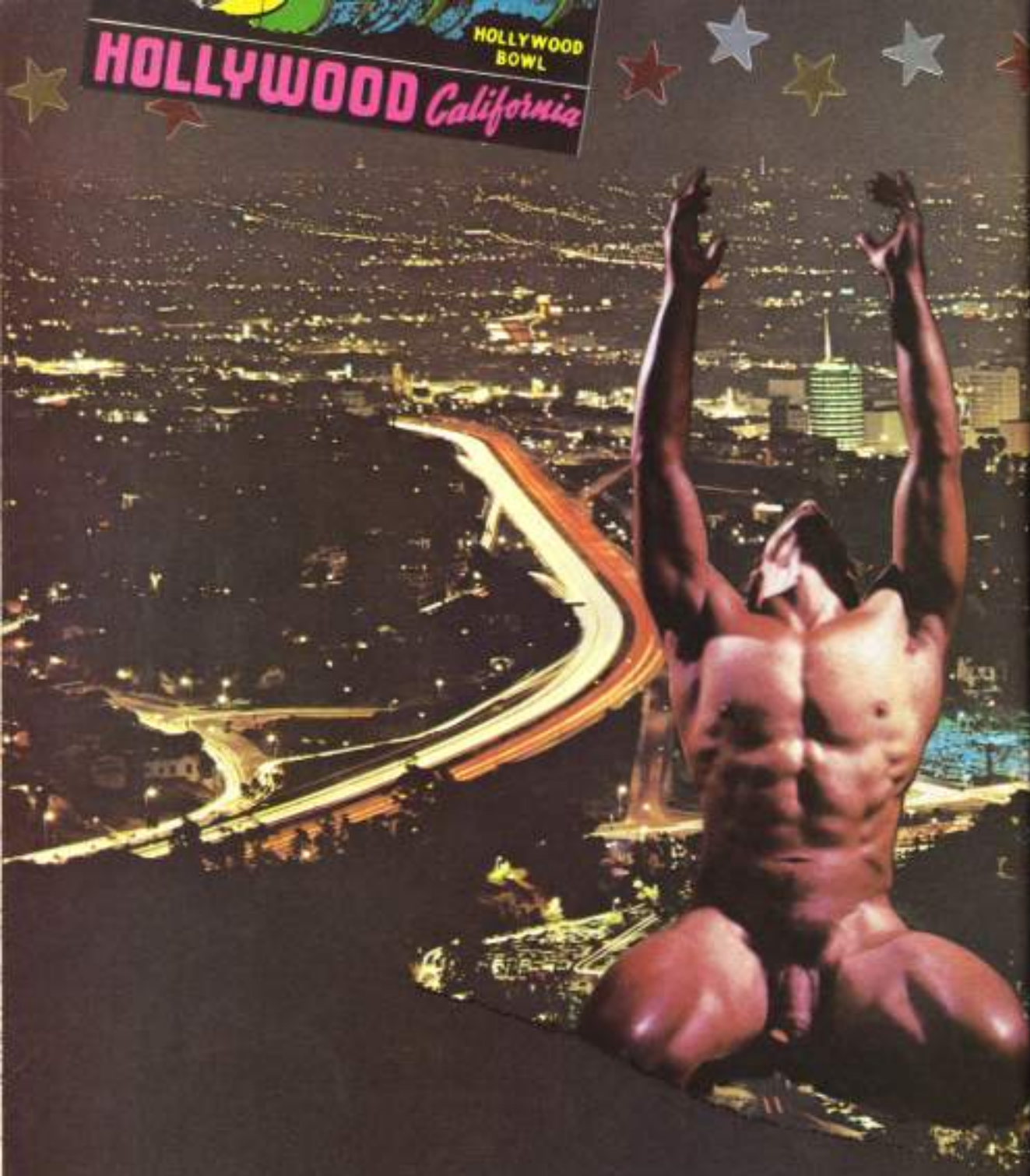
—Shirley Temple, *Poor Little Rich Girl*

"You know when it's hot like this—you know what I do? I keep my undies in the icebox."
—Marilyn Monroe, *The 7 Year Itch*

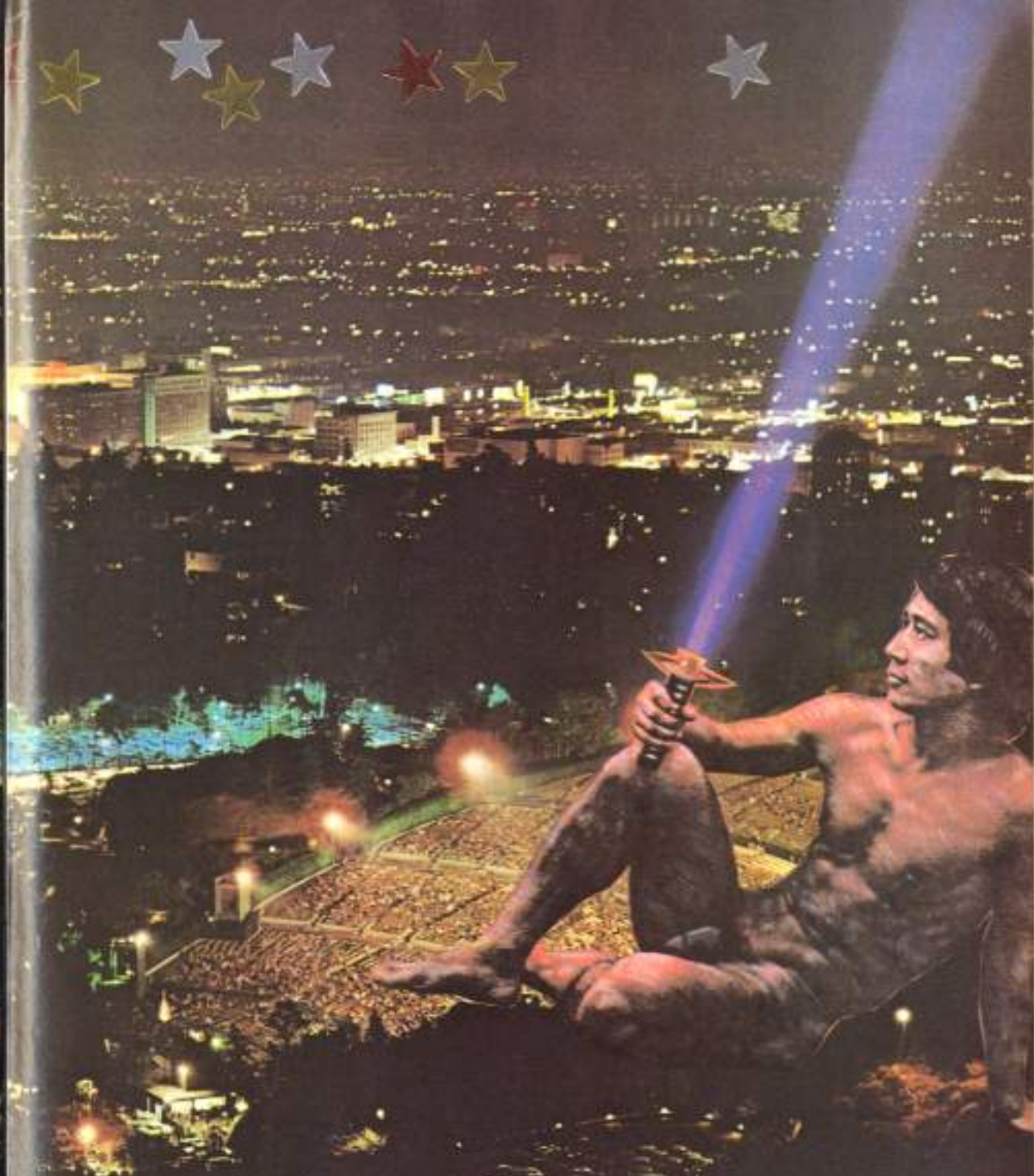


HOLLYWOOD

HOLLYWOOD BOWL
HOLLYWOOD *California*



"Jim, do you think the end of the world will come at nighttime?"
—Sgt. Miles, *Rebel Without a Cause*



THE END

The Gay Filmography by Vito Russo

From the new book, *The Celluloid Closet*, a list of every (well, almost every) movie with a gay plot, character or innuendo.



**FRANKLIN
PANGBORN**

The filmography lists films in which obviously lesbian or gay characters appear and films in which reference is made to homosexuality. Where indicated, a film is included because homosexuality was deleted from it or from its original source material. Title, director and year of release are followed by a brief annotation.

ADAM'S RIB George Cukor, 1949. David Wayne as Kip, Katharine Hepburn's composer friend.

THE ADVERSARY Larry Klein, 1970. Howard Lawrence as Jimmy West.

ADVISE AND CONSENT Otto Preminger, 1962. Don Murray as Brig Anderson, the senator with a secret.

ALEX AND THE GYPSY John Korty, 1976. A homosexual prisoner cut from the final print.

AMERICAN GIGOLO Paul Schrader, 1980. A gay killer, a lesbian pimp and a gay wife beater.

ANDERS ALS DIE ANDEREN Richard Oswald, 1919. Pioneer German gay liberation film.

ANDERS ALS DU UND ICH Veidt Harlan, 1957. Reactionary melodrama about a gay child molester.

THE ANDERSON TAPES Sidney Lumet, 1971. Martin Balsam as a cowardly gay thief.

THE ANNIVERSARY Roy Ward Baker, 1968. Bette Davis' transvestite son steals women's nylons from clotheslines.

ANY WEDNESDAY Robert Ellis Miller, 1966. An effeminate interior decorator.

ARMY OF LOVERS, OR REVOLT OF THE PERVERTS Rosa von Praunheim, 1978. A view of the American gay movement.

THE BAD NEWS BEARS Michael Ritchie, 1976. Nine-year-old Timmy Lupus can't play baseball but mixes a perfect martini.

THE BALCONY Joseph Strick, 1963. Shelley Winters as a madam who has a thing for her bookkeeper (Lee Grant).

BARBARELLA Roger Vadim, 1968. Anita Pallenberg as the Black Queen and John Phillip Law as a gay angel.

BARRY LYNDON Stanley Kubrick, 1975. A gratuitous and offensive scene, allegedly conceived by homophobe Ryan O'Neal, shows two gay soldiers bathing in a river.

BECKET Peter Glenville, 1964. A gay love story.

BEDAZZLED Stanley Donen, 1967. Two of the seven deadly sins, Vanity and Envy, are gay stereotypes.

BELLE DE JOUR Louis Bunuel, 1967. Genevieve Page as a lesbian madam.

BEN-HUR Fred Niblo, 1926. An erotic scene of a naked slave chained to a ship's galley wall.

BEN-HUR William Wyler, 1959. A submerged gay subtext between Massala and Ben-Hur.

THE BEST MAN Franklin Schaffner, 1964. Cliff Robertson as the presidential candidate accused of homosexuality.

THE BEST WAY (LA MEILLEURE

FAÇON DE MARCHER Claude Miller, 1976. *Tea and Sympathy* with a French accent and guts.

THE BETSY Daniel Patrice, 1978. Paul Rudd as a gay who commits suicide.

BEYOND THE VALLEY OF THE DOLLS Russ Meyer, 1970. Middlebrow trash with a homophobic attitude.

LES BICHES Claude Chabrol, 1968. A lesbian zipless fuck.

THE BIG SKY Howard Hawks, 1952. Kirk Douglas and Dewey Martin rough it.

A BIGGER SPLASH Jack Hazan, 1974. A documentary about the life and friends of a gay artist. Stultifying.

BILLY BUDD Peter Ustinov, 1962. Terence Stamp drives the sailors wild.

BLACULA William Crain, 1972. Weak, decadent white faggot gets bitten.

BLOOD AND ROSES Roger Vadim, 1960. Lesbian vampires strike again.

BLOODBROTHERS Robert Mulligan, 1978. A gay jeweler hates his father.

BLOODY MAMA Roger Corman, 1970. Dominant, aggressive mother, absent father.

BLOOD MONEY Rowland Brown, 1933. Sandra Shaw in a tuxedo.

BONNIE AND CLYDE Arthur Penn, 1967. Clyde's sexuality changed for the screen from bisexual to impotent.

BOOM! Joseph Losey, 1968. Noel Coward as the Witch of Capri.

THE BOSTON STRANGLER Richard Fleischer, 1968. Hurd Hatfield as a gay murder suspect.

THE BOYS IN THE BAND William Friedkin, 1970. The first Hollywood film in which all the principal characters are homosexual.

THE BROADWAY MELODY Harry Beaumont, 1929. A gay costume designer.

BUMPING INTO BROADWAY Hal Roach, 1919. Gus Leonard in drag as the landlady of a theatrical boardinghouse.

BUS RILEY'S BACK IN TOWN Harvey Hart, 1965. A lecherous gay mortician.

BUSTING Peter Hyams, 1974. Sleazy gay bars, tearoom cruisers and hustlers versus the vice squad.

BUTLEY Harold Pinter, 1974. Gay teacher (Alan Bates) makes everybody miserable.

CABARET Bob Fosse, 1972. Michael York as a bisexual Brian.

LA CAGE AUX FOLLES Edouard Molinaro, 1978. The first gay box office smash.

CAGED John Cromwell, 1950. Lesbianism in a woman's prison. "Who's the cute new trick?"

CAGED HEAT Jonathan Demme, 1972. Lesbian subplot.

CALIFORNIA SPLIT Robert Altman, 1974. A lesbian waitress doesn't fall for Elliott Gould and George Segal, so they belittle a transvestite.

CALIFORNIA SUITE Herbert Ross, 1978. Michael Caine as the gay husband of movie star Maggie Smith.

CAMILLE George Cukor, 1937. Rex O'Malley as Garbo's gay friend.

CAN'T STOP THE MUSIC Nancy Walker, 1980. The Village People; not a gay film.

CAPRICE Frank Tashlin, 1967. Ray Walston as a transvestite killer.

CAR WASH Michael Schultz, 1976. Antonio Fargas as Lindy the militant faggot transvestite.

CASANOVA Federico Fellini, 1976. He tried men too.

CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF Richard Brooks, 1958. Why couldn't Paul Newman sleep with Elizabeth Taylor? A mystery movie.

UNCHANT D'AMOUR Jean Genet, 1947. A revolutionary film about homoeroticism and repression.

THE CHELSEA GIRLS Andy Warhol, 1966. Faggots and dykes with messy apartments and boring opinions.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR William Wyler, 1962. Audrey Hepburn and Shirley MacLaine accused of having "sinful sexual knowledge of one another."

THE CHOIRBOYS Robert Aldrich, 1977. Homophobic cops and fags with pink poodles.

THE CHRISTINE JORGENSEN STORY Irving Rapper, 1970. The famous sex change story played by John Hansen.

CINDERELLA Walt Disney, 1950. Jock and Gus-Gus aren't just good friends.

CLEOPATRA JONES Jack Starrett, 1973. Shelley Winters as "Mommy," a lesbian gang leader.

CLEOPATRA JONES AND THE CASINO OF GOLD Chuck Basil, 1975. Stella Stevens as a lesbian dragon lady dope seller.

THE CONFORMIST Bernardo Bertolucci, 1970. If you sleep with your family chauffeur as a child, it'll make you a fascist.

THE CONSEQUENCE Wolfgang Petersen, 1977. Romantic melodrama: two gay lovers betrayed by the world around them.

COONSKIN Ralph Bakshi, 1975. Snowflake the black drag queen is a sado-masochist.

CROSSFIRE Edward Dmytryk, 1947. A story about homophobia changed to one about anti-semitism.

CRUISING William Friedkin, 1980. A policeman discovers his own homosexuality and becomes a killer.

THE DAMNED (LES MAUDITS) Rene Clement, 1947. Michel Auclair plays a homosexual.

THE DAMNED Lucino Visconti, 1969. Helmut Berger does Dietrich; the night of the long knives as an underwear party.

DANGEROUSLY THEY LIVE Robert Florey, 1942. Connie Gilchrist as a Nazi lesbian.

DARLING John Schlesinger, 1965. Julie Christie's gay photographer friend and a bisexual waiter who sleeps with them both.

DAY FOR NIGHT Francois Truffaut, 1973. Jean-Pierre Aumont is given a handsome young lover but loses him in a car crash.

THE DAY OF THE JACKAL Fred Zinner-

mann, 1973. Edward Fox kills a gay man he meets in a bathhouse.

THE DAY OF THE LOCUST John Schlesinger, 1975. Stars former homosexual William Atherton and features Paul Jabara as an art deco transvestite.

THE DAY THE FISH CAME OUT Michael Cacoyannis, 1967. Senseless confusion about homosexuals and the atom bomb; the film is an atom bomb.

DEATH IN VENICE Luchino Visconti, 1971. Dirk Bogarde as Aschenbach.

DELIVERANCE John Boorman, 1972. Male rape spoils the fun on a buddy holiday.

DESIGNING WOMAN Vincente Minnelli, 1957. Jack Cole as the choreographer.

THE DETECTIVE Gordon Douglas, 1968. Homosexual murder on the New York waterfront. A film about the closet, covers the same ground as *Cruising* but more effectively and not offensively.

DIAMONDS ARE FOREVER Guy Hamilton, 1971. Two gay lovers who kill people.

DIARY OF A MAD HOUSEWIFE Frank Perry, 1970. The character played by Frank Langella, according to everyone who saw it.

A DIFFERENT STORY Paul Aaron, 1978. Gays turn straight.

DR. STRANGELOVE Stanley Kubrick, 1964. Homosexuality of Peter Sellers, president of the United States, reportedly removed.

DOCTORS' WIVES George Schaefer, 1971. Rachel Roberts has an affair when a woman tries to take a cinder out of her eye and they suddenly see each other for the first time.

DOG DAY AFTERNOON Sidney Lumet, 1975. The true story of a gay bank robber.

DRACULA'S DAUGHTER Lambert Hillyer, 1936. Gloria Holden stalks Soho for young girls.

DRUM Steve Carver, 1976. A plantation owner (John Colicos) and his fey lover (Alain Patrick) who rape black men.

EASY LIVING Mitchell Leisen, 1937. Franklin Pangborn as a man in ladies' hats.

THE EFFECT OF GAMMA RAYS ON MAN-IN-THE-MOON MARIGOLDS Paul Newman, 1972. Joanne Woodward yells "Faggot!" at a guy she doesn't turn on.

THE EIGER SANCTION Clint Eastwood, 1975. Jack Cassidy as Myles the gay killer and his dog Faggot.

ENTERTAINING MR. SLOANE Douglas Hickox, 1970. Screen version of Joe Orton's play, seldom seen.

ENTER THE DRAGON Robert Clouse, 1973. Bruce Lee chops a faggot.

ERIKA'S PASSIONS Ula Stockl, 1978. The second time around for a pair of lesbian lovers.

ERNESTO Salvatore Samperi, 1979. Story of a man's homosexual awakening, based on an autobiographical novel by Italian poet Umberto Saba.

EXODUS Otto Preminger, 1960. "They used me—like a woman" screamed Sal

Mineo in some of the ads—and in the film.

FACE TO FACE Ingmar Bergman, 1976. Liv Ullmann's doctor as a well-adjusted gay man.

FAME Alan Parker, 1980. Paul McCrane as Montgomery, the only gay student at Performing Arts High School (if you can believe that one).

THE FAMILY WAY Ray Boulting, 1966. Intelligent and quite moving homosexual panic film.

FAREWELL MY LOVELY Dick Richards, 1975. Ambiguous underworld gay types; Mitchum plays with the possibilities as a no-nonsense dick.

THE FEARLESS VAMPIRE KILLERS Roman Polanski, 1967. A gay vampire.

FIG LEAVES Howard Hawks, 1926. A sexism primer.

FIREWORKS Kenneth Anger, 1947. A homoerotic dream.

FIVE EASY PIECES Bob Rafelson, 1970. Toni Basil and Helena Kallianiotes as lesbian hitchhikers.

FLAMING CREATURES Jack Smith, 1963. An experiment with androgynous revels.

A FLORIDA ENCHANTMENT Sidney Drew, 1914. A role reversal comedy from a Broadway play by a gay man.

FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE Sam Taylor, 1926. Harold Lloyd as a sissy youth.

FORTUNE AND MEN'S EYES Harvey Hart, 1971. An abortive attempt to film the John Herbert stage play.

THE FOX Mark Rydell, 1968. Lesbians on a Canadian chicken farm.

FOX AND HIS FRIENDS (FAUSTRECHT DER FREIHEIT) Rainer Werner Fassbinder, 1975. A film about class struggle often mistaken for a film about homosexuality.

FRAULEIN DOKTOR Alberto Lattuada, 1969. Lesbian spies and nerve gas.

FREEBIE AND THE BEAN Richard Rush, 1974. Christopher Morley as a killer transvestite; lots of fag jokes.

FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE Terence Young, 1963. Lotte Lenya as Colonel Rosa Klebb, the dyke with the spike.

FUNNY LADY Herbert Ross, 1975. Roddy McDowell plays a fag joke.

GATOR Burt Reynolds, 1976. Redneck fag jokes.

THE GAY DECEIVERS Bruce Kessler, 1969. Larry Casey and Kevin Coughlin avoid the draft by pretending to be queer—but they can't hold a candle to Michael Greer's flaming portrait of Malcolm.

THE GAY DIVORCEE Mark Sandrich, 1934. Edward Everett Horton as "Pinky."

GEORGIA, GEORGIA Stig Bjorkman, 1972. Roger Furrman as the gay road manager of a famous singer.

GETTING STRAIGHT Richard Rush, 1970. Homophobic radicalism.

GILDA Charles Vidor, 1946. Glenn Ford tells George Macready. "I was born the night you met me."

THE GIRL WITH THE GOLDEN EYES

Jean-Gabriel Albicocco, 1961. Francoise Prevost and Marie Laforêt as teacher and student with eyes for each other.

GIRLFRIENDS Claudia Weill, 1978. Lesbians as one of the hazards of feminist city living.

GIRLS IN PRISON Edward Cahn, 1956. Helen Gilbert stalks Joan Taylor.

GOLD Peter Hunt, 1974. Bradford Dillman as a gay villain.

GRANDMA'S BOY Fred Newmeyer, 1922. Harold Lloyd sissy boy.

THE GRASSHOPPER Jerry Paris, 1970. Jacqueline Bisset's gay friends indicate how low she has sunk.

THE GROUP Sidney Lumet, 1966. Candice Bergen as Lakey.

GROUPIES Ron Dorfman and Peter Nevard, 1970. Gay groupies with dirty feet.

HAIR Milos Forman, 1979. Woof isn't queer, though he wouldn't throw Mick Jagger out of bed. The "White Boys" number is camp.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY GEMINI Richard Benner, 1980. An old-fashioned man accepts his gay son.

THE HAUNTING Robert Wise, 1963. Claire Bloom hugs Julie Harris—a lot.

HEAT Paul Morrissey, 1972. Sylvia Miles as a harpie with a lesbian child.

HIGH INFIDELITY Franco Rossi, 1964. "The Scandal" episode, in which John Phillip Law flexes his muscle for Nino Manfredi.

THE HITLER GANG John Farrow, 1944. Hitler's homosexual leanings are darkly hinted.

THE HOSPITAL Arthur Hiller, 1971. A black homosexual welfare client.

THE HOUSE ON 92ND STREET Henry Hathaway, 1945. Signe Hasso in drag.

I WANT WHAT I WANT John Dexter, 1972. Anne Heywood cuts off her penis with a piece of broken glass.

IF . . . Lindsay Anderson, 1968. Lyric gay puppy love among rebel students. Enchanting.

THE LILIA PASSION Gregory Markopoulos, 1967. Once shocking homosexual passion.

IN A LONELY PLACE Nicholas Ray, 1950. Everyone but the screenwriter remembers a lesbian masseuse. Perhaps there should have been a lesbian masseuse.

IN COLD BLOOD Richard Brooks, 1967. Capote's original references to gay relationship between two killers dropped.

INSIDE DAISY CLOVER Robert Mulligan, 1966. Robert Redford as bisexual.

INTERNATIONAL HOUSE Edward Sutherland, 1933. Franklin Pangborn as the hotel manager.

IRENE Alfred E. Green, 1926. George K. Arthur as Madame Lucy.

THE IRON MAN Tod Browning, 1931. Lew Ayres and Robert Armstrong.

IT'S LOVE I'M AFTER Archie Mayo, 1937. Eric Blore at his best.

IT IS NOT THE HOMOSEXUAL WHO IS PERVERSE BUT THE SOCIETY IN

WHICH HE LIVES Rosa von Praunheim, 1971. A Marxist harangue not without some political fascination.

THE JACKPOT Walter Lang, 1950. Alan Mowbray as an effeminate interior decorator.

JACQUELINE SUSANN'S ONCE IS NOT ENOUGH Guy Green, 1975. A love affair between Melina Mercouri and Alexis Smith.

JOANNA Michael Same, 1968. Donald Sutherland as Baby Huey and a black gay, tolerated in an offhand but hip way.

JOHNNY GUITAR Nicholas Ray, 1954. Mercedes McCambridge and Joan Crawford square off.

JOHNNY MINOTAUR Charles Henri Ford, 1971. The way some gay people were.

JUST IMAGINE David Butler, 1930. Fantasy of a future society where kings are queens.

JUSTINE George Cukor, 1969. Cliff Gorman as a vicious nellie faggot who dies with a hatpin in his neck.

KHARTOUM Basil Dearden, 1966. Charlton Heston as a heterosexual version of General Charles Gordon.

THE KILLING OF SISTER GEORGE Robert Aldrich, 1968. Beryl Reid and Susannah York are split by cobra-eyed Coral Browne.

KING OF HEARTS Philippe de Broca, 1966. The gay barber.

KING RAT Bryan Forbes, 1965. A sex change in the original became a transvestite on film.

THE KREMLIN LETTER John Huston, 1970. George Sanders in drag and a black lesbian spy for hire.

THE L-SHAPED ROOM Bryan Forbes, 1962. Brock Peters as gay jazz musician and Cicely Courtneidge as lesbian song-and-dance woman.

LA DOLCE VITA Federico Fellini, 1960. Transvestite predicts that by the year 2000 everyone will be homosexual.

LADY OF THE PAVEMENTS D.W. Griffith, 1929. Franklin Pangborn in an early sissy role.

LADY SCARFACE Frank Woodruff, 1941. Judith Anderson is very butch as a gangster.

THE LAST MARRIED COUPLE IN AMERICA Gilbert Cates, 1980. Stewart Moss and Colby Chester as the happy homosexual couple down the street.

THE LAST OF SHEILA Herbert Ross, 1973. A gay film with a straight mentality.

THE LAUGHING POLICEMAN Stuart Rosenberg, 1973. A gay killer on the loose in San Francisco.

LAWRENCE OF ARABIA David Lean, 1962. Lawrence's homosexuality and the rape scene both cut—after initial release.

THE LEAGUE OF GENTLEMEN Basil Dearden, 1960. Alan Bates as an effeminate dancer.

THE LEATHER BOYS Sidney Furie, 1964. A homosexual buddy film.

THE LEGEND OF LYLAH CLARE Robert Aldrich, 1968. Rosella Falk as a lesbian

dope addict who has the hots for Kim Novak.

LENNY Bob Fosse, 1974. Valerie Perrine has lesbian tendencies.

LIBERTY Hal Roach, 1929. A very gay Laurel and Hardy.

LILITH Robert Rossen, 1964. Lesbianism in a mental hospital.

THE LINEUP Don Siegel, 1958. A misogynist, heterosexual killer who is often misidentified as homosexual.

THE LION IN WINTER Anthony Harvey, 1968. Geoffrey (Richard the Lion-Hearted) and the king of France.

LITTLE BIG MAN Arthur Penn, 1970. Robert Littlestar as Littlehorse, the gay Indian.

LIVE AND LET DIE Guy Hamilton, 1973. The usual Bond cartoon dykes and faggots.

LISZTOMANIA Ken Russell, 1975. The issue is the size of Frany Lizi's (Roger Daltrey's) equipment, no proof is offered.

LOGAN'S RUN Michael Anderson, 1976. A society in which homosexuality is accepted as normal.

THE LONELY KILLERS Boris Szulzinger, 1972. Roland Maden and Dominique Rolin as gay mass murderers.

LONESOME COWBOYS Paul Morrissey. Andy Warhol, 1968. Taylor Mead is unforgettable, Franklin Pangborn's only competition.

LOOKING FOR MR. GOODBAR Richard Brooks, 1977. Heterosexual promiscuity, but gays get the rap when psychopathic pickup (Tom Berenger) kills Diane Keaton.

LOOT Silvio Narizzano, 1971. From the play by Joe Orton.

LOSS OF INNOCENCE (THE GREEN-GAGE OF SUMMER) Lewis Gilbert, 1961. Danielle Darrieux and Claude Nollier are lesbian lovers.

THE LOST WEEKEND Billy Wilder, 1945. Homosexuality in the novel deleted on-screen.

LOT IN SODOM James Watson and Melville Webber, 1933. Stunning experimental film about a Biblical city with glitter queens running the show.

LOVE AND DEATH Woody Allen, 1975. "I wonder if Socrates and Plato took a house on Crete during the summer?"

THE LOVED ONE Tony Richardson, 1965. Liberace plays a homosexual casket salesman. Rod Steiger as Mr. Joyboy.

LUDWIG Luchino Visconti, 1972. Sleeping with a stable boy rots your teeth.

LUV Donner, 1967. Fag jokes.

MADCHEN IN UNIFORM Leontine Sagan, 1931. Classic Christa Winsloe story of young girl in love with her teacher.

THE MAGIC CHRISTIAN Joseph McGrath, 1970. Homophobia runs rampant as Yul Brynner dons drag.

MAGNUM FORCE Ted Post, 1973. Eastwood battles fascist policeman who seem sexually interested in each other.

MAHOGANY Berry Gordy, 1975. Tony Perkins as a fashion photographer.

THE MALTESE FALCON John Huston, 1941. Peter Lorre as Joel Cairo and Elisha Cooke, Jr., as the gunsel.

MANHATTAN Woody Allen, 1979. Meryl Streep left Woody for another woman.

MANSLAUGHTER Cecil B. DeMille, 1922. Two lesbians kissing in orgy scene.

THE MAN WHO FELL TO EARTH Nicholas Roeg, 1976. Buck Henry as a gay lawyer.

MARATHON MAN John Schlesinger, 1976. Lover relationship between Roy



Scheider and William Devane characters not retained in film version of William Goldman's novel.

MARJOE Howard Smith and Sara Kemochan, 1971. Fundamentalist homophobia as theater from the preacher who wanted to be Mick Jagger.

M*A*S*H Robert Altman, 1970. A good lay cures a sudden case of homosexuality.

THE MECHANIC Michael Winner, 1972. A male love story is submerged in the relationship between the characters played by Charles Bronson and Jan-Michael Vincent.

THE MEMBER OF THE WEDDING Fred Zinnemann, 1953. Frankie Adams is a forerunner of Rita Mae Brown's Molly Bolt.

MIDNIGHT COWBOY John Schlesinger, 1969. Dustin Hoffman and Jon Voight as Times Square lovers; assorted "real" homosexuals as losers and freaks.

MIDNIGHT EXPRESS Alan Parker, 1978. A falsification of Billy Hayes' book about his experiences in a Turkish prison.

MISS FATTY'S SEASIDE LOVERS Roscoe Arbuckle, 1915. Arbuckle in bathing beauty drag.

THE MISSOURI BREAKS Arthur Penn, 1976. Brando in drag. He told the press, "Like many men, I too have had homosexual experiences and I am not ashamed."

MODESTY BLAISE Joseph Losey, 1966. Unwatchable thriller with Dirk Bogarde

as effeminate killer.

MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE Sidney Alcott, 1924. Valentino, by acclamation.

MOROCCO Josef von Sternberg, 1930. Marlene Dietrich in tails. Lesbian tease.

MOVIE CRAZY Clyde Bruckman, 1932. Grady Sutton is a sissy.

MURDER Alfred Hitchcock, 1930. Esme Percy as a trapeze artist transvestite killer.

MURDER BY DEATH Bob Moore, 1976. Peter Falk as a closet queen for laughs.

THE MUSIC LOVERS Ken Russell, 1971. If you love your mother, you'll be a homosexual—but you won't like it.

MY HUSTLER Andy Warhol, 1965. Fire Island and boring blond people.

MYRA BRECKINRIDGE Michael Sarne, 1970. Rex Reed turns into Raquel Welch.

NEW YORK AFTER MIDNIGHT Jacques Scandolari, unreleased. A woman kills gay men when she discovers her husband is queer.

NEXT STOP, GREENWICH VILLAGE Paul Mazursky, 1976. Antonio Fargas as Bernstein the depressed faggot.

NIGHTHAWKS Ron Peck and Paul Hailam, 1978. The gay bar syndrome from a gay perspective; insightful and moving.

THE NIGHT OF THE IGUANA John Huston 1964. Grayson Hall as Miss Fel-lows.

NIGHT AND DAY Michael Curtiz, 1946. The musical bio of a gay composer, but you'd never know it. And Monty Woolley too.

NIJINSKY Herbert Ross, 1980. A mess about a famous dancer. The homosexuality is "handled."

NORMAN, IS THAT YOU? George Schlatter, 1976. The old folks find out Junior is a tinkerbelle.

NO EXIT Tad Danielewski, 1962. Rita Gam and Vivica Lindfors play tormented women involved in a sexually ambiguous relationship.

NO WAY TO TREAT A LADY Jack Smight, 1968. Rod Steiger as a "homo" hairdresser killer.

ODDS AGAINST TOMORROW Robert Wise, 1959. Does a homosexual really try to pick up Harry Belafonte in a park?

ODE TO BILLY JOE Max Baer, 1976. Now we know why Billy Joe jumped.

THE OLD DARK HOUSE James Whale, 1932. A gay horror film.

OLIVIA (PIT OF LONELINESS) Jacqueline Audry, 1951. Lace-curtain lesbians in a girl's school in Paris.

ONCE UPON A TIME IN THE EAST Andre Brassard, 1974. Superb film about gay life in the East end of Montreal. Has not had a commercial run in America.

ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST Milos Forman, 1975. Two gay mental patients.

ONLY YESTERDAY John Stahl, 1933. Franklin Pangborn with a boyfriend.

OPEN CITY Roberto Rossellini, 1945. Maria Michi seduced by lesbian Giovanna Galletti.

OUTRAGEOUS! Richard Benner, 1977. A

gay *A Star is Born* that works (unlike Streisand's).

THE PALM BEACH STORY Preston Sturges, 1942. Franklin Pangborn.

PANDORA'S BOX G.W. Pabst, 1929. Alice Roberts as the Countess Geschwitz.

PAPILLON Franklin Schaffner, 1973. Gay predators in prison.

THE PAWNBROKER Sidney Lumet, 1965. Brock Peters as a homosexual pimp.

A PERFECT COUPLE Robert Altman, 1979. A happy, well-adjusted lesbian couple played by Meredith McRae and Tomi-Lee Bradley.

PERFORMANCE Nicolas Roeg and Donald Cammell, 1970. Nonsense about androgynous Mick Jagger and gangster James Fox switching roles, misinterpreted as significant by the hippie mentality.

PERSONA Ingmar Bergman, 1966. Lesbian passion in slow motion.

PETE 'N' TILLIE Martin Ritt, 1972. Rene Auberjonois as one of the girls.

PETULIA Richard Lester, 1968. Richard Chamberlain as a wife beater who likes little boys.

PINK FLAMINGOS John Waters, 1972. A truly gay film though it hasn't much to do with homosexuality. A subplot has kidnapped children being sold to lesbian couples from the suburbs. And, of course, there is Divine.

P.J. John Guillermin, 1968. George Peppard fights the fairies.

PLAY IT AS IT LAYS Frank Perry, 1972. Tony Perkins as a suicidal gay. Again.

PORTRAIT OF JASON Shirley Clarke, 1967. Two hours of Jason Holliday is like a month in another country. An interview with a hustler.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF SHERLOCK HOLMES Billy Wilder, 1970. Gay Sherlock.

THE PRIVATE FILES OF J. EDGAR HOOVER Larry Cohen, 1978. Crude but fascinating look at Hoover, says his hangup was sex in general.

THE PRODUCERS Mel Brooks, 1968. Christopher Hewitt as a flaming fag—defended by Richard Schickel, who compared his condition to a withered arm and called for compassion.

PUZZLE OF A DOWNFALL CHILD Jerry Schatzberg, 1970. Vivica Lindfors plays a sophisticated, predatory lesbian fashion designer. Again.

THE QUEEN Frank Simon, 1968. A drag contest at Town Hall; Miss Crystal rides again.

QUEEN CHRISTINA Rouben Mamoulian, 1933. Garbo.

RACHEL, RACHEL Paul Newman, 1968. Estelle Parsons as a psalm-singing lesbian spinster.

THE RAZOR'S EDGE Edmund Goulding, 1946. Clifton Webb's death scene.

REBECCA Alfred Hitchcock, 1940. Judith Anderson as Mrs. Danvers.

REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE Nicholas

Ray, 1955. Sal Mineo as Plato.

REFLECTIONS IN A GOLDEN EYE

John Huston, 1967. Marlon Brando and Zorro David act equally homosexual.

RED RIVER Howard Hawks, 1948. A cowboy love story.

RIOT Buzz Kulik, 1969. James Brown faces a tough prison queen.

THE RITZ Richard Lester, 1976. A Cleveland garbage man in a gay bathhouse.

THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW Jim Sharman, 1976. Revolutionary film starring Tim Curry as a sweet transvestite from Transsexual, Transylvania.

ROPE Alfred Hitchcock, 1948. John Dall and Farley Granger as a gay couple who murder a former classmate.

THE ROSE Mark Rydell, 1978. Janis Joplin given lesbian panic.

SAILOR'S LUCK Raoul Walsh, 1933. Gay bathhouse attendant.

SAINT JACK Peter Bogdanovich, 1979. George Lazenby as a gay senator.

SALO Pier Paolo Pasolini, 1975. Fascist sexual degradation.

SALOME Charles Bryant, 1923. Nazi-mov's tribute to Oscar Wilde.

SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER John Badham, 1977. Travolta doesn't taunt the faggot.

SATYRICON Federico Fellini, 1969. Fellini says he cast an American and an Englishman in the leads because "there are no homosexuals in Italy."

SCARECROW Jerry Schatzber, 1973. Richard Lynch as the sadistic gay rapist.

SCORE Radley Metzger, 1973. Bisexuality comes to town as the latest thing.

SCORPIO RISING Kenneth Anger, 1963. Little Peggy March and a homosexual orgy.

SCREAMING MIMI Gerd Oswald, 1958. Anita Ekberg gets attention from a lesbian character.

SEBASTIANE Derek Jarman and Paul Humfress, 1976. The martyrdom of St. Sebastian according to nobody.

A SEPARATE PEACE Larry Pierce, 1972. An Ivy League love story.

THE SERGEANT John Flynn, 1968. Steiger kisses John Phillip Law and shoots himself.

THE SERVANT Joseph Losey, 1963. James Fox and Dirk Bogarde as slave and master.

SEVEN SINNERS Tay Garnett, 1940. Bruce in Bombay is the last straw.

SEVEN WOMEN John Ford, 1966. Margaret Leighton as a lesbian spinster.

SHAMPOO Hal Ashby, 1975. Not all hairdressers are gay.

SHE DONE HIM WRONG Lowell Sherman, 1933. Two gay prisoners—the Cherry Sisters.

SHEILA LEVINE IS DEAD AND LIVING IN NEW YORK Sidney Furie, 1975. A sex-starved lesbian proves that living in New York is dangerous for single women.

SILENT MOVIE Mel Brooks, 1976. The usual Brooks sissy jokes.

THE SINNERS (AUROYAUME DES

CIEUX) Julien Duvivier, 1949. Nadine Basile as a dyke prisoner has "men" tattooed on one leg and "women" on the other.

SLEEPER Woody Allen, 1973. A gay robot.

THE SOILERS Hal Roach, 1923. Stan Laurel and a gay cowboy.

SOME LIKE IT HOT Billy Wilder, 1959. Jack Lemmon has a good time in drag.

SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS ARE . . . Mervyn Nelson, 1971. Grand Hotel in a gay bar on Christmas Eve.

SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE Hal Prince, 1970. Anthony Corlan and Michael York play star crossed lovers.

SPARTACUS Stanley Kubrick, 1960. Crassius (Laurence Olivier) and Antoninus (Tony Curtis) and the oysters.

A SPECIAL DAY Ettore Scola, 1977. Marcello Mastroiani; another Different Story.

STAIRCASE Stanley Donen, 1969. Rex Harrison and Richard Burton as depressing kvetches.

STAR! Robert Wise, 1968. Daniel Massey as Noel Coward.

STAR SPANGLED RHYTHM George Marshall, 1942. "If Men Played Cards as Women Do."

STRANGE CARGO Frank Borzage, 1940. John Arledge and Albert Dekker (who was found dead in drag in 1968).

THE STRANGE ONE Jack Garfein, 1957. Paul Richards as Cockroach and Ben Gazzara as Jocko DeParis.

STRANGERS ON A TRAIN Alfred Hitchcock, 1951. Robert Walker as Bruno Anthony.

SUDDENLY LAST SUMMER Joseph Mankiewicz, 1959. Tennessee Williams' tale of madness, cannibalism and you-know-what.

SUMMER WISHES, WINTER DREAMS Gilbert Cates, 1973. Ron Rickards.

SUNDAY, BLOODY SUNDAY John Schlesinger, 1971. Peter Finch as D. Daniel Hirsch and Murray Head as his lover.

SWASHBUCKLER James Goldstone, 1976. Peter Boyle as a pederast pirate.

SYLVIA Gordon Douglas, 1965. Vivica Lindfors again. As the lesbian librarian.

THE TAKING OF PELHAM ONE-TWO-THREE Joseph Sargent, 1974. A gay subway passenger.

THE TAMARIND SEED Blake Edwards, 1974. Dan O'Herlihy as the gay British minister in Paris.

A TASTE OF HONEY Tony Richardson, 1961. Murray Melvin as a shy gay guy.

TEA AND SYMPATHY Vincente Minnelli, 1956. Be kind to shy heterosexuals.

TELL ME THAT YOU LOVE ME, JUNIE MOON Otto Preminger, 1970. Bob Moore as Warren and Leonard Frey as his gay "father."

TENDERNESS OF THE WOLVES Ulli Lommel, 1973. A true story about a gay vampire.

TEOREMA Pier Paolo Pasolini, 1968. Terence Stamp as a pansexual angel.

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THANK YOU MASKED MAN Lenny Bruce, 1967. Animated. The Lone Ranger and Tonto.

THANK GOD IT'S FRIDAY Robert Klane, 1978. Disco is heterosexual music.

THAT CERTAIN SUMMER Lamont Johnson, 1973. Hal Holbrook and Martin Sheen in pioneer television film.

THEATRE OF BLOOD Douglas Hickok, 1973. Robert Morley as an effete drama critic.

THESE THREE William Wyler, 1936. Sanitized version of *The Children's Hour*.

THERESE AND ISABELLE Radley Metzger, 1968. Softcore lesbianism.

THEY ONLY KILL THEIR MASTERS James Goldstone, 1972. June Allyson as a lesbian killer.

THE THIRD SEX Frank Winterstein, 1959. A young man is cured of homosexuality by his mother.

THIS SPECIAL FRIENDSHIP Jean Delannoy, 1964. Love story.

THUNDERBOLT AND LIGHTFOOT Michael Cimino, 1974. Clint Eastwood and Jeff Bridges play a preacher and a transvestite. Crooks in love.

TO AN UNKNOWN GOD Jaime Chavarri, 1977. A gay magician is obsessed by Garcia Lorca.

TO FORGET VENICE (DIMENTICARE VENEZIA) Franco Brusati, 1979. On growing up gay.

TONY ROME Gordon Douglas, 1967.

Lloyd Bockner as Rood, the gay junkie; a pathetic lesbian alcoholic and her stripper lover.

TOMMY Ken Russell, 1975. Uncle Ernie reads *Gay News*.

TOUCH OF EVIL Orson Welles, 1958. Mercedes McCambridge as a motorcycle tough.

TRASH Paul Morrissey, 1970. Michael Sklar and Holly Woodlawn fight over the shoes.

TUNNELVISION Brad Swimoff, 1976. Sophomoric fag jokes.

TURNABOUT Hal Roach, 1940. A role-reversal comedy with gay undertones.

THE TURNING POINT Herbert Ross, 1977. There are no homosexuals in ballet—especially not Baryshnikov.

2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY Stanley Kubrick, 1968. H.A.L. says, "Happy Birthday, Hank."

AN UNMARRIED WOMAN Paul Mazursky, 1978. The character of Jill Clayburgh's therapist was a lesbian in the novel.

VALENTINO Ken Russell, 1977. Well, was he or wasn't he?

VALLEY OF THE DOLLS Mark Robson, 1967. Ted Casablanca the fag designer, played by Alex Devion.

A VERY NATURAL THING Christopher Larkin, 1973. The first nonporno film about gay relationships.

A VERY SPECIAL FAVOR Michael Gordon, 1965. Homosexuality as a curable

neurosis.

VICTIM Basil Dearden, 1961. Blackmail thriller about homosexuals.

THE VICTORS Carl Foreman, 1963. Scenes deleted showing male prostitute.

A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE Sidney Lumet, 1962. Homosexuality as a false accusation.

VILLAIN Michael Tuchner, 1971. Richard Burton as Vic Dakin.

WALK ON THE WILD SIDE Edward Dmytryk, 1962. Barbara Stanwyck as Jo, Capucine as Hallie.

THE WAR WIDOW Harvey Perr, 1976. Television story of lesbian love affair.

THE WARRIOR'S HUSBAND Walter Lang, 1933. Ernest Truex.

THE WHEELER DEALERS Arthur Hill, 1963. Assorted fairy decorators and queer art critics.

WHERE'S PAPA? Carl Reiner, 1970. Segal's brother rapes a cop in drag and the cop sends him flowers.

WHO KILLED TEDDY BEAR? Joseph Cates, 1965. Elaine Stritch a lesbian victim.

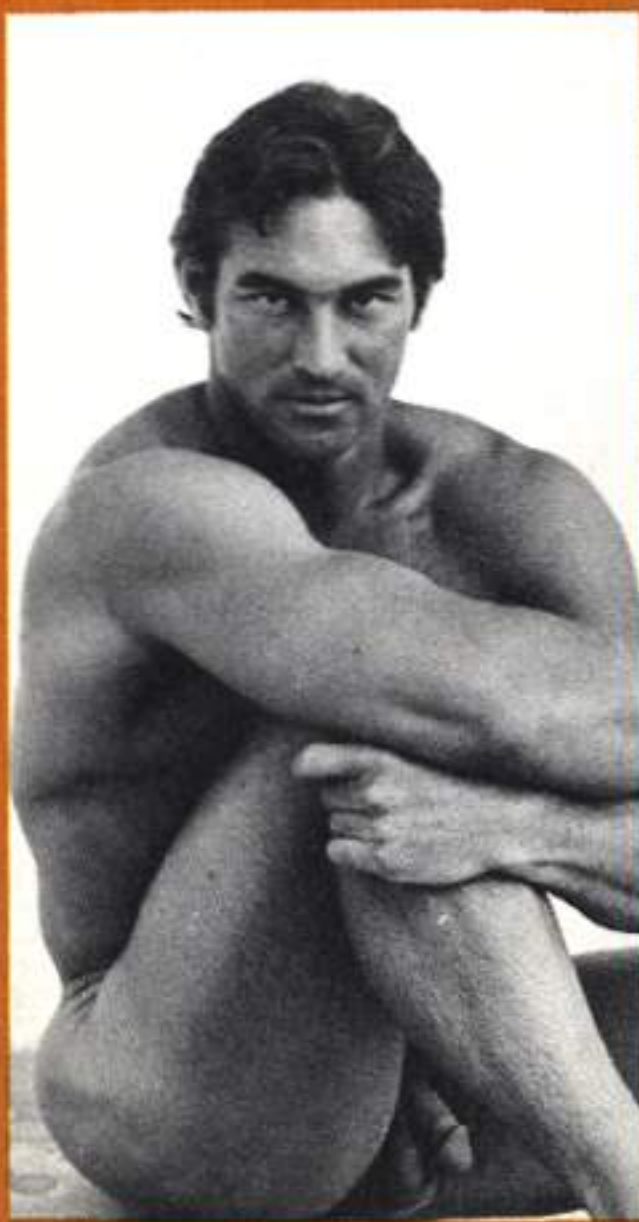
WHY BRING THAT UP? George Abbott, 1929. Two gay men in backstage sequence.

THE WILD PARTY Dorothy Arzner, 1929. Intimations of sorority lesbianism.

THE WILD PARTY James Ivory, 1975. Decadent Hollywood lesbians. Gay men play the piano at parties.

WINDOWS Gordon Willis, 1980. A

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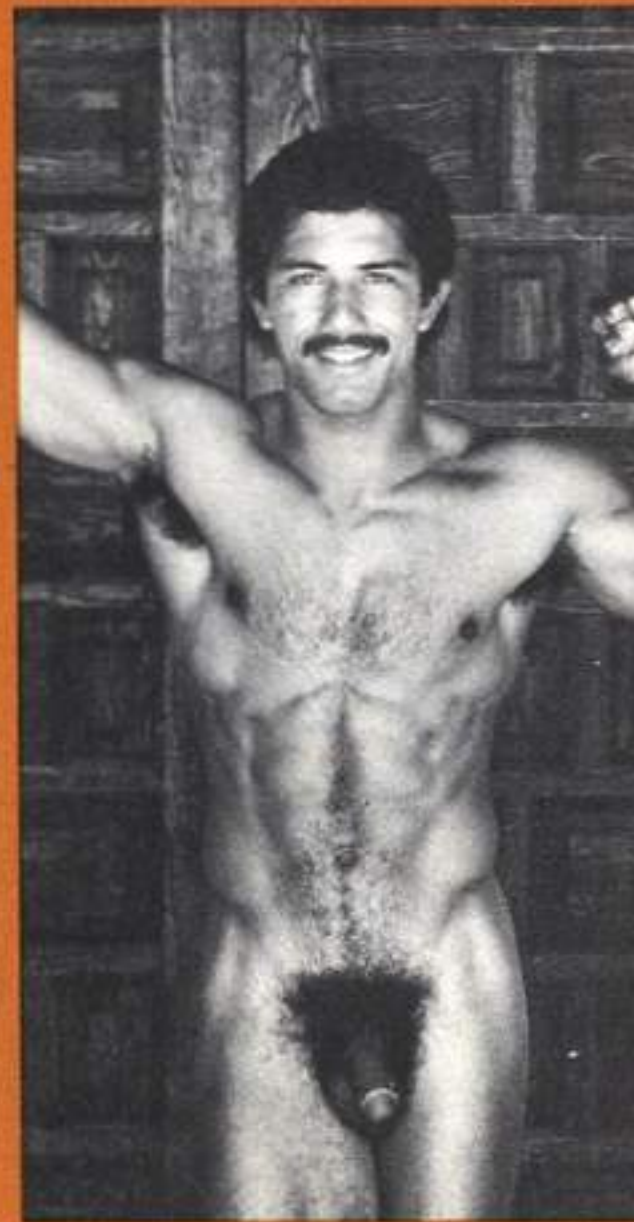
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psychotic lesbian killer played by Elizabeth Ashley.

THE WIZARD OF OZ Victor Fleming, 1939. Bert Lahr.

WOMAN OF THE YEAR George Stevens, 1942. Hepburn's male secretary.

A WOMAN'S FACE George Cukor, 1941. Two lesbians dancing, but Cukor doesn't remember.

WOMEN IN LOVE Ken Russell, 1969. Nude wrestling between Alan Bates and Oliver Reed.

WONDER BAR Lloyd Bacon, 1934. Two gay men dance a waltz at a nightclub.

WON TON TON Michael Winner, 1976. Ron Leibman plays a gay Valentino.

WORD IS OUT Mariposa Film Group, 1977. Stunning documentary on gays in America.

X, Y & ZEE Brian Hutton, 1971. Elizabeth Taylor does it with Susannah York.

YANKEE DOODLE IN BERLIN Richard F. Jones, 1918. An early drag comedy.

YOUNG MAN WITH A HORN Michael Curtiz, 1950. Lauren Bacall as Amy North.

YOUNG TORLESS Volker Schlöndorff, 1966. Homosexuality and violence in prep school.

ZACHARIAH George England, 1971. A rock buddy western epic.

ZERO DE CONDUIT Jean Vigo, 1933. The forerunner of *If...*

Z Constantin Costa-Gavras, 1969. A fascist killer who just happens to be gay.

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AJ ADDS: While this list is exhaustive, it is obviously not the last word on the subject. Our typesetter, A.J. Laurent, noticed that a few of his favorites were missing and added them at the end of the copy-set. They were so good we decided to print them. If you know a movie that should be here, write us a letter and we'll print it in a special letters section on missing movie entries... also send a copy of the letter to Vito Russo so he can update his list for future editions of his important book.

AIRPLANE Pilot Peter Graves and his penchant for young boys and watching "naked gladiators."

AND JUSTICE FOR ALL The gay prisoner who commits de rigueur suicide.

THE BIBLE All those simply mad queens in Sodom and Gomorrah who paint their faces half green and half red and hiss after the angel.

CALAMITY JANE Not only does Doris Day think she's "one of the boys" but she moves the lady singer in with her and sets up housekeeping!

CALIGULA The blockbuster which drove big names back into the closet while raising cocksucking to an art form.

CARRY ON CLEO The Sooth-sayer who was more of a "Sooth-sissy"!

CARRY ON... (NURSE, DOCTOR, ETC.) Any of the British Carry On series where everyone was nelly except the women.

DRESSED TO KILL Michael Caine as the transvestite psychiatrist who killed women who turned him on.

FUN WITH DICK AND JANE The pre-op transsexual and unemployment clerk at the unemployment office in Hollywood.

THE GREEN CARNATION Hollywood's version of the life of Oscar Wilde got neither an Oscar nor wild.

LA CAGE AUX FOLLES II Just because it was bad makes it no less gay!

THE LONGEST YARD During the prison football game, entertainment is provided by black drag queens from the queen's tank who do the Supremes with pom-poms.

MONTY PYTHON'S SEARCH FOR THE HOLY GRAIL The lisping French king who hurls tacky insults at the bad guys below ("I fart in your general direction!").

MONTY PYTHON AND... (If transvestism is a criterion for being listed, then anything by Monty Python!)

SLAP SHOT Paul Newman telling the team owner's wife that her son was "going to grow up to be a faggot and be sucking cock faster than you can say 'Jack Rabbit'." And let's not forget the fabulous "jock-strap strip" ending! ■■

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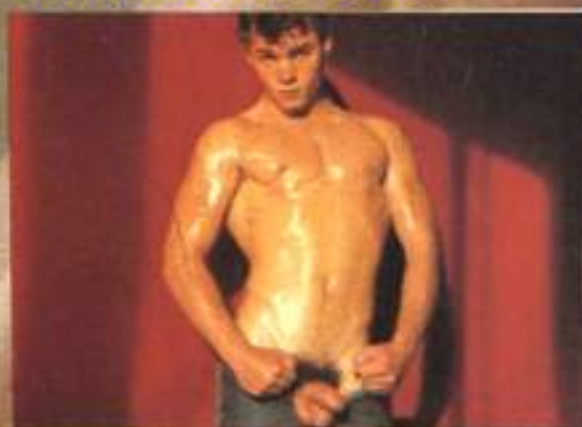
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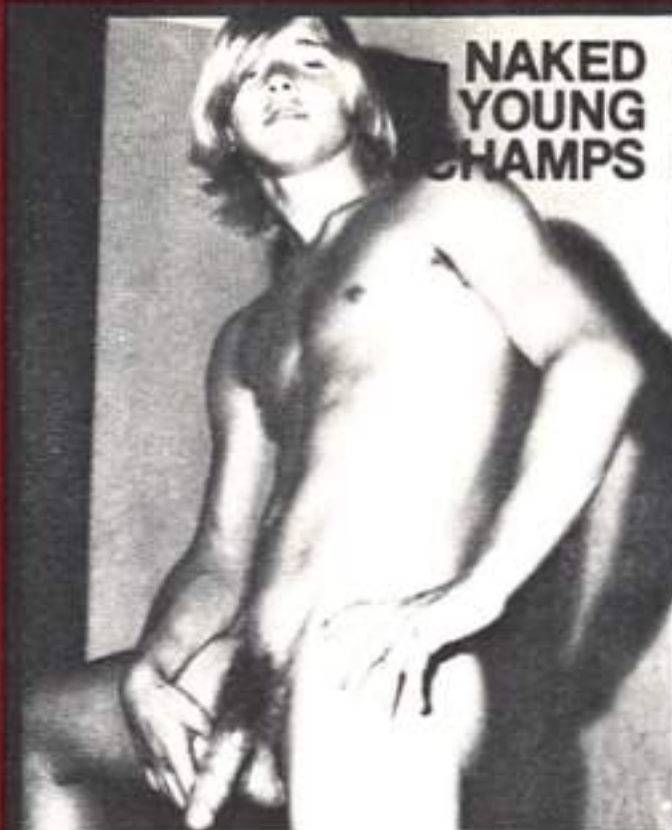
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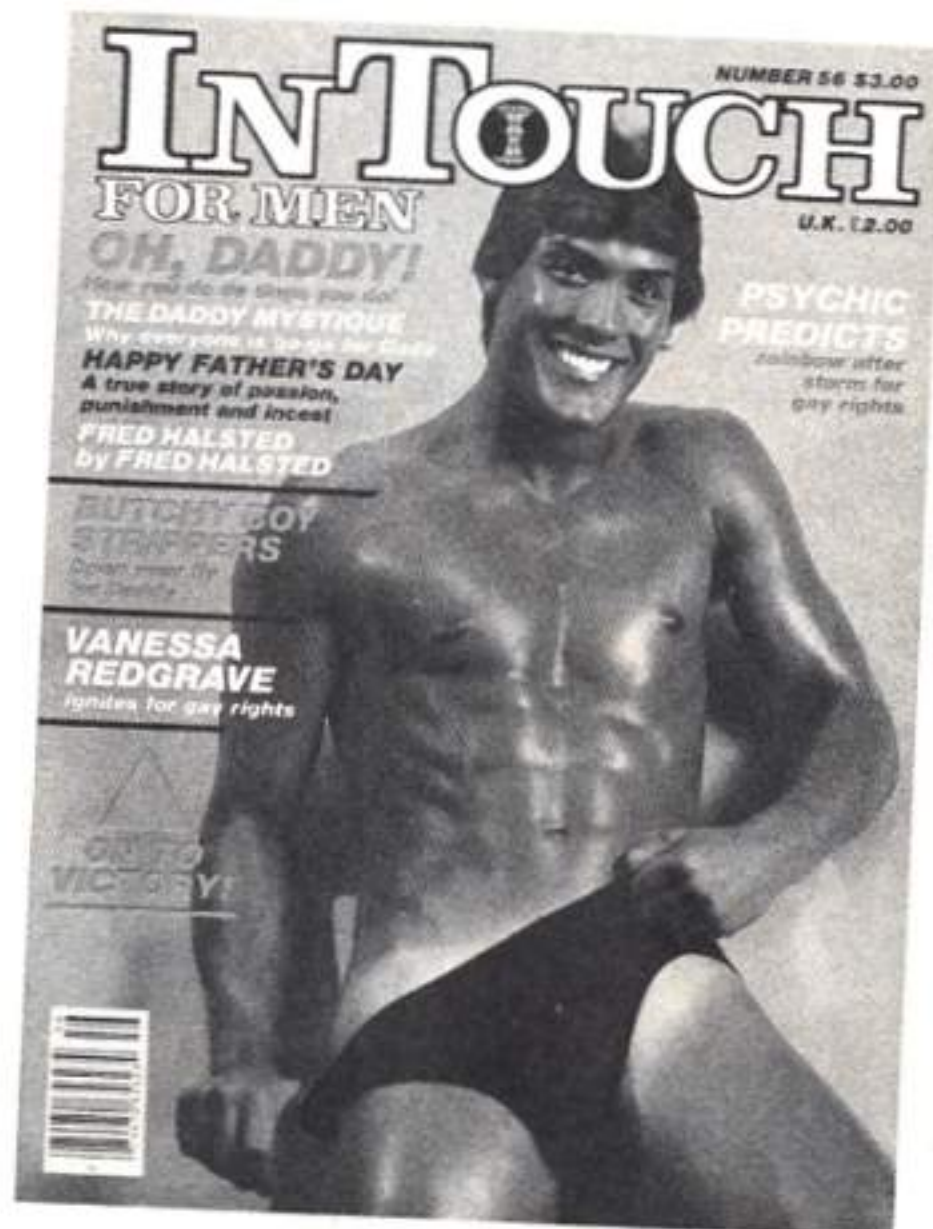
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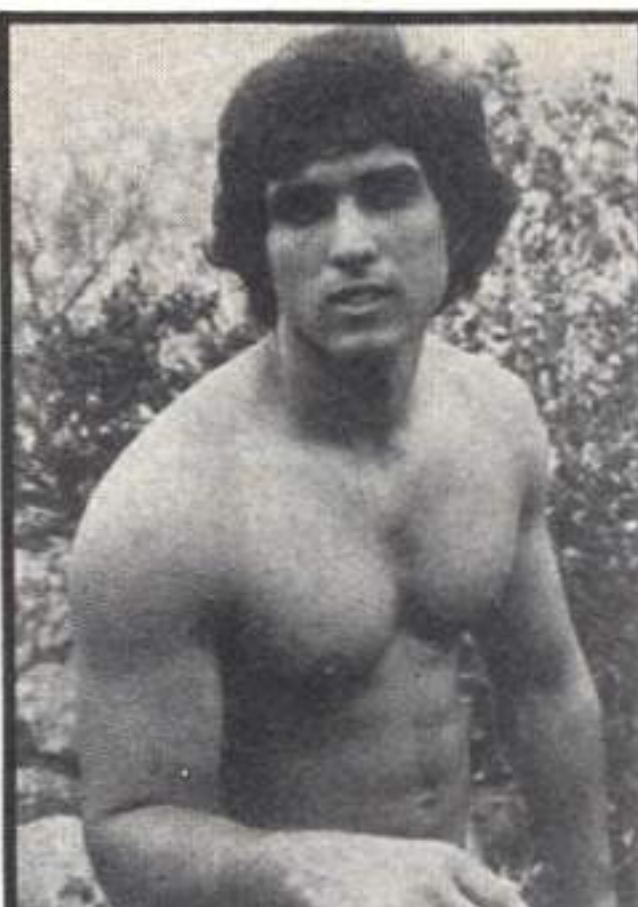
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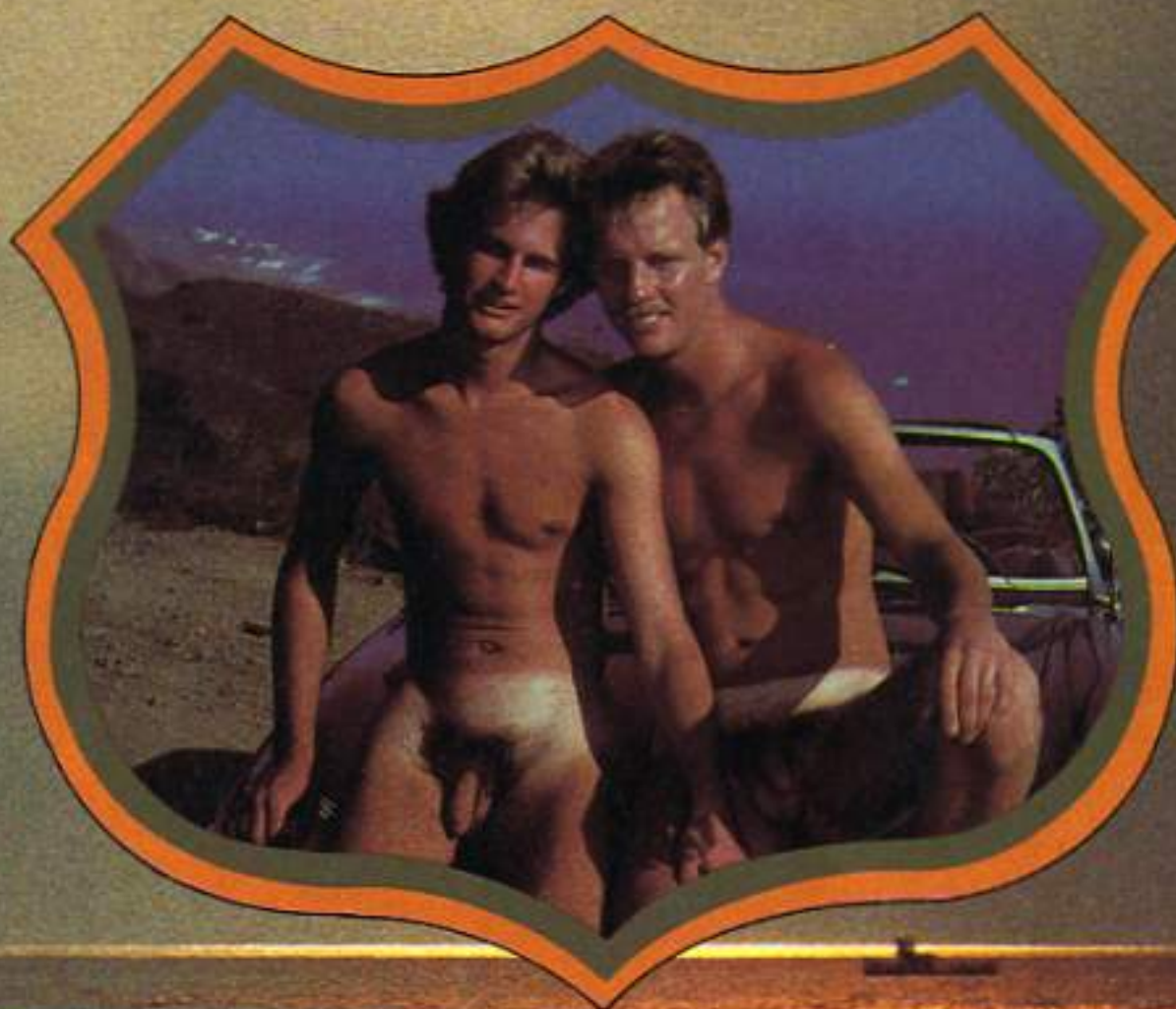
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ANOTHER HOLLYWOOD TRAGEDY: Here's proof of our thesis that Hollywood is not just a place, but a state of mind. On the left, we see internationally sexy Damian Charles, Swedish supermodel, as he used to be... sultry, provocative, butch. In the center, we see him reading a foreign edition of Kenneth Anger's *Hollywood Babylon*, the bible of sleaze and scandal from Tinseltown's past. Suddenly, he's wearing dark glasses. Jaw drops open in screaming shock. The once-wide-spread legs scrunch up in ball-squeezing hysteria. At the right, the tragic transformation is complete, with Damian spread out among objets d'art in true Jayne Mansfield style. For those of you who prefer photo #1, some very dirty pictures of the old Damian can be found in *IN HEAT* #4 (available from *IN TOUCH* for a mere \$8.00). Those of you who like photo #2 can get the original English-language edition of *Hollywood Babylon* in hard-back or paper at bookstores everywhere. And those of you who prefer photo #3... well, God help you.



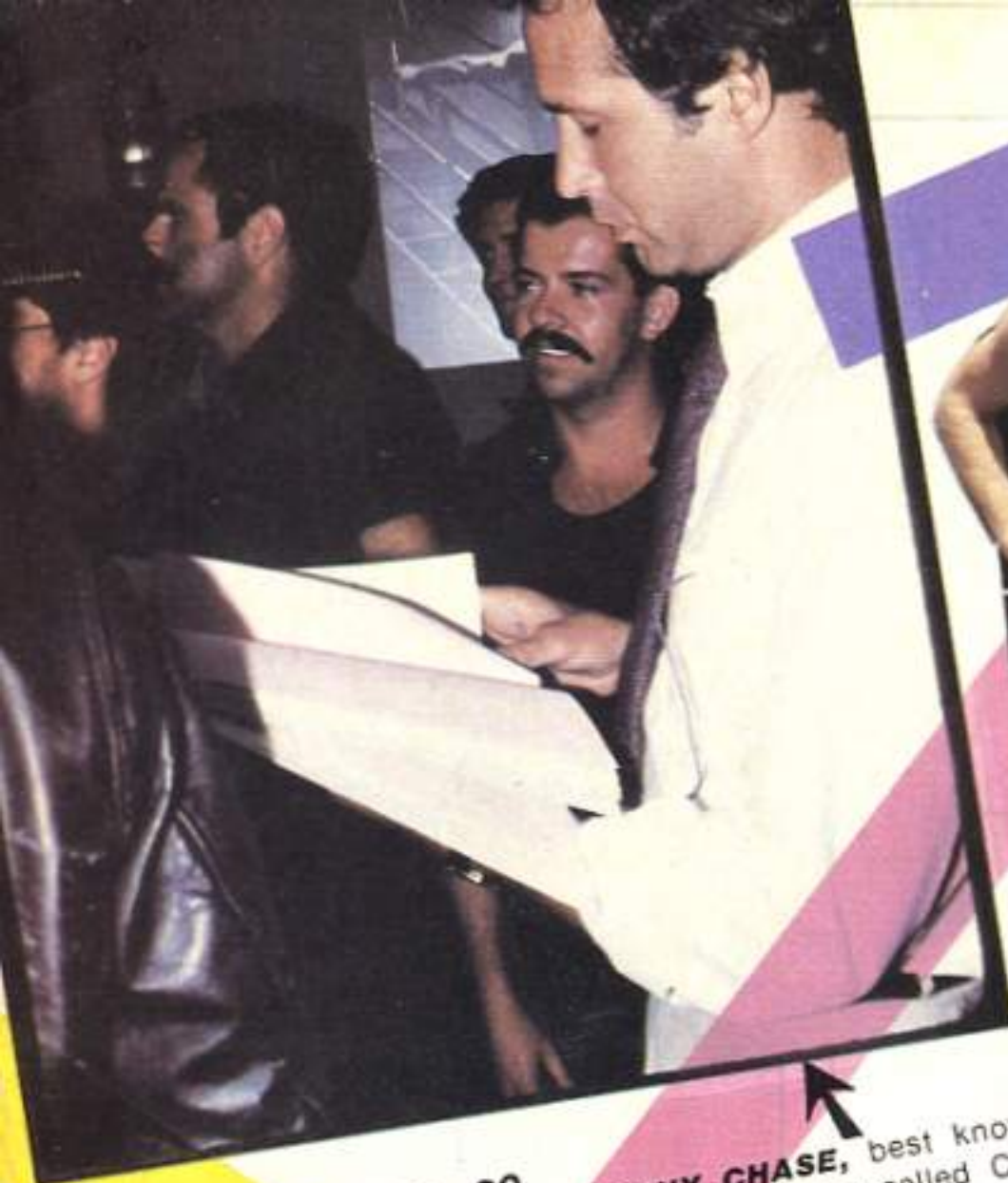
GREAT, BUT HOW DO YOU PUT A CANDELABRA ON IT?: Yes, music lovers, this is actually a swimming pool at the home of one Wladziu Valentino Liberace, a man who owns more sequins than all the Osmonds put together. And now it can be yours forever, in the form of a nice big postcard from a new series titled *Lamparski's Hello From Hollywood*, available at smart cardshops nationwide. These are not your standard glimpses of Hollywood. Richard Lamparski (author of the *Whatever Happened To...* books and a new volume, *Lamparski's Hollywood*) has assembled both old and new photos of small details that say a whole

lot. Lamparski's tour includes: The gravestones of Carl "Alfalfa" Switzer and Charles "Ming the Merciless" Middleton; Rudolph Valentino's 1923 Voisin Sporting Victoria (it's a car); Rudolph Valentino himself from the tits up (it's artistic); three pairs of Marlene Dietrich's incredible shoes on Mabel Normand's trunk (it's a big suitcase, not a part of Mabel's body); a 1930's glamor portrait of Gwili Andre (*Gwili Andre?!?*); and a recent photo of the hotel where four-year-old Judy Garland stayed on her first visit to Hollywood (it's run-down).

But most of all, we like the Lamparski Liberace. Any-one for Ebb Tide?



PHOTOS BY CHARLES MONIZ



FLASH! BIG STARS GO GAY!!!: What do Chevy Chase, Ryan O'Neal, John Hurt, Michael Ontkean, Harry Hamlin, and Julie Andrews have in common? They're all turning gay in public! Far be it from us to ever speculate on what these people do behind closed doors (Harry Hamlin is, after all, the father of Ursula Andress' child), but lately they've all caught La-Cage-aux-Folles Fever. Read on for more smutty accusations...

CHEVY CHASE, best known as the man who called Cary Grant "a homo" on national television, was spotted at a Hollywood bar called Greys, widely known to be frequented by gays. Chase was allegedly starring in his new movie *Modern Problems*, which was being lensed there. It was rumored that many of the all-male extras were practicing homosexuals. Chevy, however, was practicing his lines.



RYAN O'NEAL (yes, that's really him) went one step further. While making his new (and somewhat gay) Hollywood film *Partners*, O'Neal actually put his arm around another male cast member, looked at our camera, gave us basket and smiled!



Ryan's cute male co-star, **JOHN HURT**, wore lavender sweats, pink socks and white tennies throughout the entire day's shooting. And he smiled too. Sorry about the lighting, boys. But ya look great anyhow!

MICHAEL ONTKEAN and **HARRY HAMLIN** have just wrapped *Making Love*, which 20th Century Fox describes as "the provocative tale of a



FROM THE CITY THAT BROUGHT YOU CHARLETON HESTON: We're back at another of those beefcake pageants that Chicago is rapidly becoming famous for, thanks to our photographer friends at Male Hide Leather. This time, the boys are stripping down for the title of Mr. Redoubt, named after the popular Chicago nightspot. The contestant at left is stepping out of his Gay Nineties bathing suit. In the middle, the 1st-runner-up nearly pops out of his Gay Eighties suit as he receives one helluva smooch from Colt model Clint Lockner (whose Los Angeles hot spot, the Sanctuary, opened recently, we might add). And at the right, shamelessly holding hands with two men at once, is winner Michael Meacham-Hage. Nice pits, guys!

PHOTOS BY JOE SKYLAR



young professional couple whose marriage is jeopardized when the husband chooses to explore his love for another man." And this comes from the studio that gave us Shirley Temple! Oh, yeah ... Kate Jackson's in it, too. And finally, there's that naughty **JULIE ANDREWS**, whose newest musical will be *Victor/Victoria*. No photos yet, but the Los Angeles Times recently revealed the shocking

scenario as follows: "The kindly star of a homosexual nightclub (Robert Preston) gets her a job by suggesting she call herself Count Victor Grazinski and masquerade as a female impersonator. Her act is a hit and all goes perfectly until she and a macho American (James Garner) fall in love." The Times did not tell us which sex Mr. Garner thinks he's after. Alternate title, *Harry Poppins*? Back to you, Jim.



CALL HIM SAVAGE: Call him anything but late for a premiere. This is Steve Savage, caught outside Hollywood's Century Theatre just before the opening of his latest starring vehicle, William Higgins' *Pacific Coast Highway*. Just moments from now, a hushed audience will watch him pull down those pants, whip out that long, pendulous, throbbing member, and do who knows what to whom! And that's just the first reel! Overcoats are recommended.

AW, HANK, YER LEADIN' AGAIN!: This is a photograph of a large group of men actually enjoying doing the waltz. It was taken at Dallas' Round-up Saloon, a country/western bar that not very long ago was a disco called Magnolias. Although the recent National Gay Press Association bar-b-que at this saloon confirmed that the transformation has been a smashing success and that these men are indeed having fun, we nevertheless fear that some may find this picture shocking. But we prefer to think that Ma and Pa would just be glad to see that the kids are touch-dancing again.



Nightlife-
572-16b/crx/IT4/16bcx

"I CAN'T GO ON WITH THE SCENE: I'm too happy. Do you mind, Mr. DeMille, if I say a few words? Thank you. I just want to tell you how happy I am to be back in the studio making a picture again. You don't know how much I've missed all of you. And I promise you I'll never desert you again, because after *Salome* we'll make another picture and another and another. You see, this is my life. It always will be. There's nothing else—just us and the cameras and those wonderful people out there in the dark ... All right, Mr. DeMille, I'm ready for my close-up."

Gloria Swanson in *Sunset Boulevard*

Music swells as Norma Desmond descends staircase.
THE END.

30-jb/crx

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